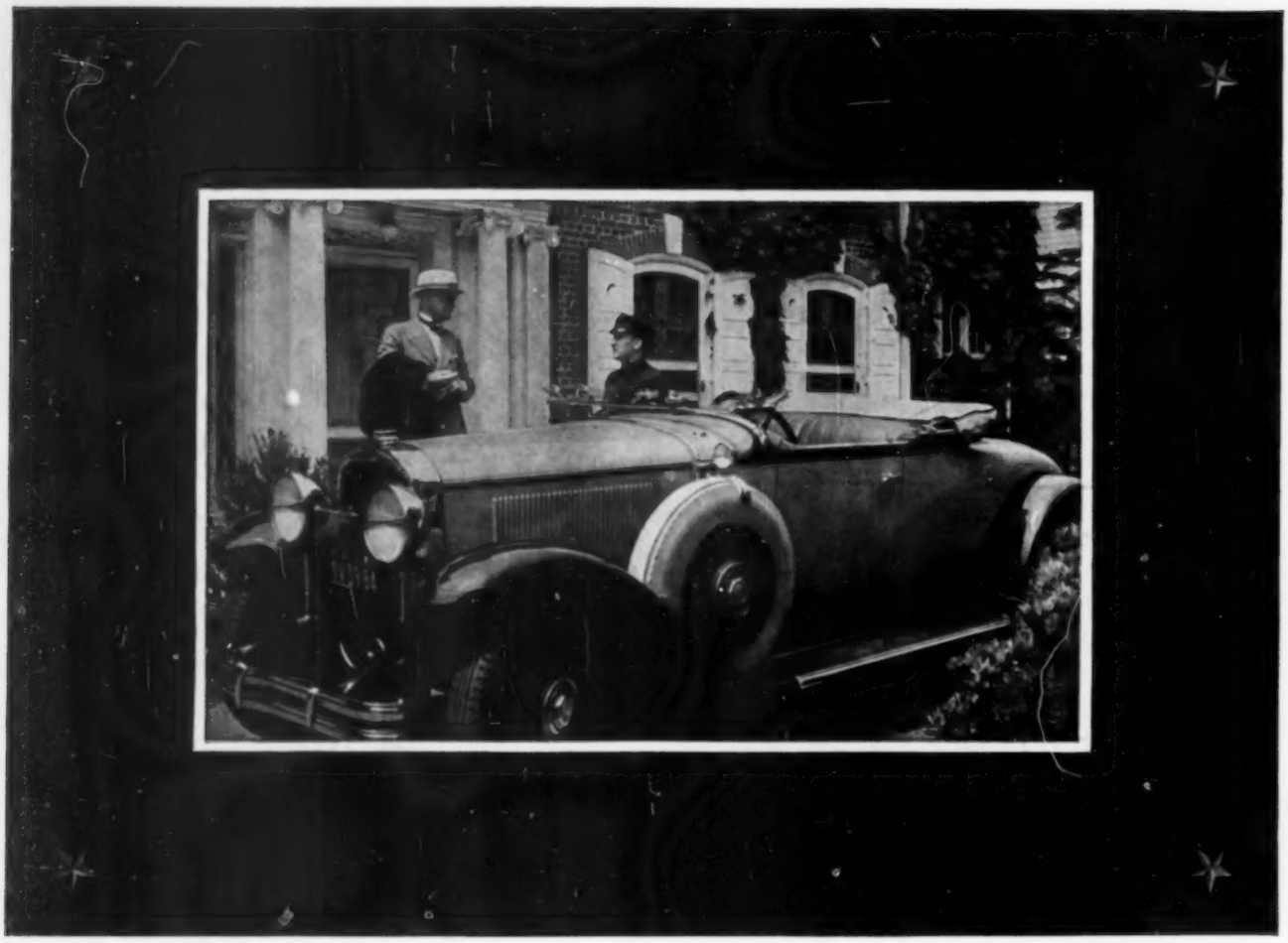
Aug. 30, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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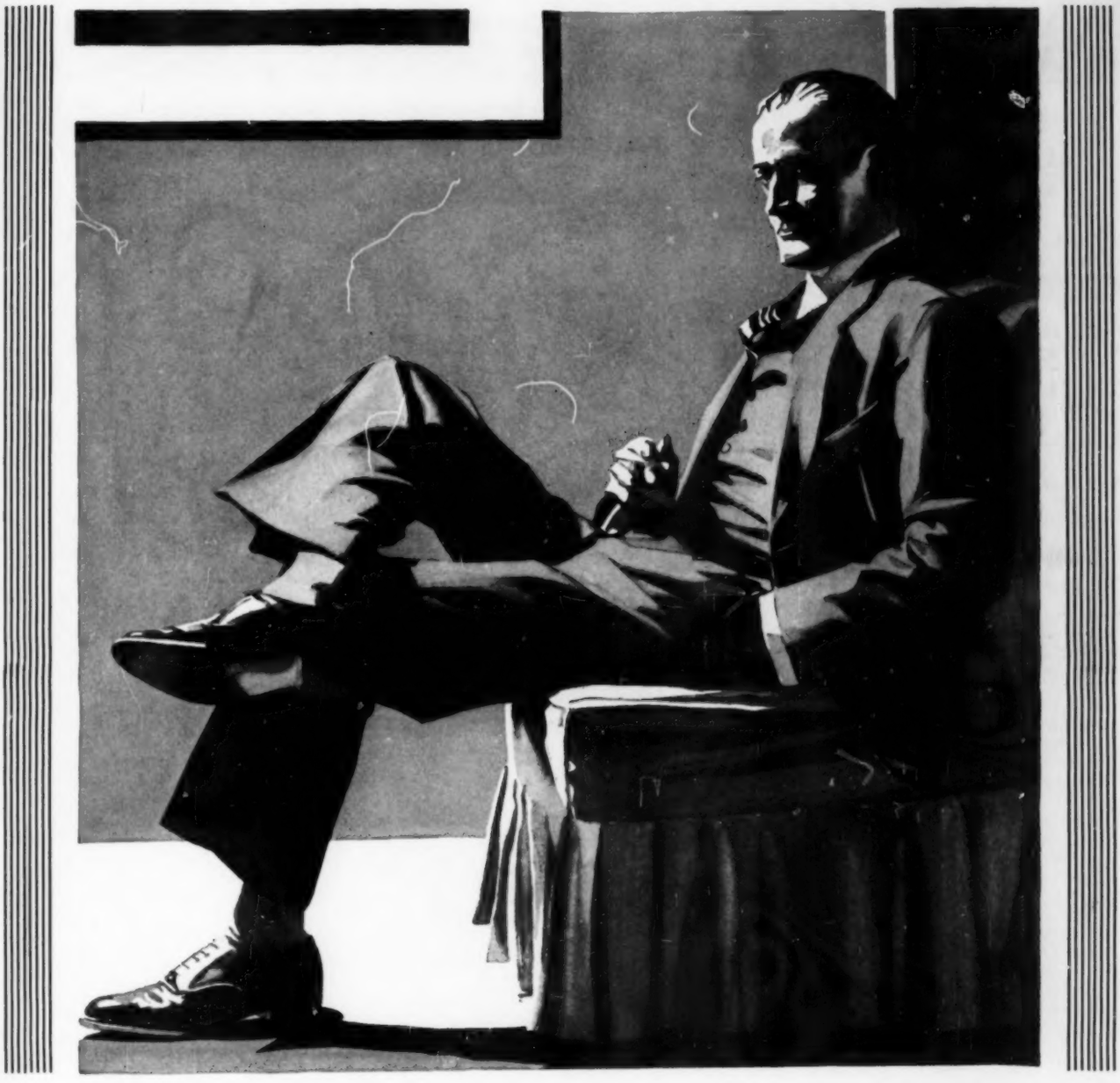
THE EIGHT AS **BUICK** BUILDS IT

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



No matter how one judges an Altman Suit—by fabric, by cut, by tailored detail —there is but one verdict: as fine a garment as can be offered at its particular price. Altman Suits for Autumn are carried out in the traditional Altman manner. A large assortment to select from. Prices range from $50 to $95

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING ON THE SIXTH FLOOR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS:" and at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC." Matinées Saturdays and as listed below. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APRON STRINGS—The unfortunate plight of a young wife whose husband regulates his life by a series of letters from his mother. Last two days. (48th Street, 48, E. Closes Sat., Aug. 30.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A pleasant, if not highly original, comedy by St. John Ervine, dealing with the wife who gets her first (and only) husband back. Grace George and A. E. Matthews make it what it is. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Labor Day and Wed.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—A Negro's idea of the story of the Old Testament, acted by a fine all-Negro cast. Marc Connelly has written here the outstanding play of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

JOURNEY'S END—Return engagement of Sherriff's moving play of the war as British officers lived it. Richard Bird heads the new cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LADIES ALL—The hilarious history of a complete amorist in a quandary. Violet Heming and Walter Woolf are in it. (Morosco, 45, W. Mat. Labor Day.)

THE LAST MILE—What it feels like to live in the death house. A grim but powerful account of a prison revolt. Spencer Tracy again heads the all-male cast. (Harris, 42, W. Mat. Labor Day.)

LOST SHEEP—If you will not be shocked at the idea of a vicar and his family of young ladies renting a house hitherto devoted to carnal traffic, you will find some very funny moments in this. (Selwyn, 42, W. Closes Sat., Aug. 30.)

LYSISTRATA—An adaptation by Gilbert Seldes of the frankly bawdy comedy of Aristophanes, in a beautiful production by Norman Bel Geddes. An excellent cast includes Ernest Truex, Violet Kemble Cooper, and Hortense Alden. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. The fact that it deals with seduction has no bearing on the matter. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

TOPAZE—A pleasant little play from the French, telling of a school teacher who finds the secret of business success. Frank Morgan excellent in the title rôle. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Displaying Mr. Carroll's genius for collecting good comics (Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly) as well as his penchant for collecting dirt. A costly show, with beautiful girls. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. Mat. Wed.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr throwing the audience into nightly convulsions, with Oscar Shaw to help the ladies sing the DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson score. (Apollo, 42, W. Mat. Labor Day.)

GARRICK GAIETIES—Perhaps not so good as the first "Gaieties" but good enough to contain some dirty cracks at current characters, a few good song numbers, and laughs enough for one evening. (Guild, 52, W. Mats. Labor Day and Thurs.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Phil Baker, Floyd Gibbons, and Ann Seymour will be at the Palace Fri., Aug. 29. Irene Bordoni will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Aug. 30. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

THE SECOND LITTLE SHOW—Sketches by Marc Connelly, Robert E. Sherwood, Corey Ford, and others; words and music by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. With Al Trahan. Opens Tues., Sept. 2. (Royale, 45. W. 8:30 P.M.)

THAT'S THE WOMAN—A new play by Bayard Veiller. Opens Wed., Sept. 3. Fulton, 46. W. 8:40 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

CAFÉ—William A. Brady's production of a play by Marya Mannes, with Rollo Peters. (Ritz, 48, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE NINTH GUEST—An Owen Davis melodrama, with Alan Dinehart. (Eltinge, 42, W. 8:50 P.M.)

TORCH SONG—A play by Kenyon Nicholson, produced by Arthur Hopkins, with Mayo Methot. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Labor Day and Thurs.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dinner dancing in the Italian Garden; quiet Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban décor and Leo Reisman's orchestra; dancing during dinner and after the theatre.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—For after-theatre dancing; Emil Coleman's orchestra, with dances by Rosita and Ramon.*

ROOFS—St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music and dances by Gomez and Winona; open for dinner and supper. Must dress. . . . Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), open for dinner and dancing until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . Worth the trip for the harbor view: Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100); and St. George Roof, Clark St., Brooklyn (Main 10000). . . . Other roofs and near-roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; and Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Not up-in-the-air, but cool and airy; Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45; New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Commodore Summer Garden, Lexington at 42.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the more interesting after-theatre places of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, popular with the stay-out-all-nights; and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with no cover charge and a rough but entertaining revue (also open for dinner).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246—Dining and dancing on the terrace.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway—A big open-air place for dinner, supper, and dancing. Revue at 7:30 and midnight.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley

(Continued on page 4)

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THE NEW YORKER
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 28, August 30, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

NEW Bramley* HATS

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Off-The-Face Hat

The brim disappears at the back where a velvet bow nestles. Of fine felt in black or fall colors.

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Bramley

Imported Soleil Velour Hat

Another smart version of the off-the-face hat with a bow and a rhinestone clip. In black or the fall colors.

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Cushion Brim Hat

A beret of felt with the new Paris "cushion" brim. Black or fall colors with grosgrain ribbon trim. 12.75

Bramley

Velvet Bonnet

Paris cables are full of the velvet bonnet vogue, and this shows it at its smartest. Black or fall colors. 10.00

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Double Brim Hat

It follows the line of the new "Tip-Tilt" silhouette and has a pert feather in back. Black or fall colors. 12.75

In four head sizes

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FIFTH AVENUE - - NEW YORK

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INDIVIDUAL MILLINERY SHOP . . . SECOND FLOOR

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 2)

Stream, L.I.—Guy Lombardo's orchestra and good food.

RICHARDS', Bronx River P'kway, Tuckahoe, N.Y.—A pleasant place to dance; Rodney Lambert's orchestra.

SHOW PLACE, Merrick Rd., Lynbrook, L.I.—Texas Guinan's summer home. Show at 8:30 and midnight. Open all night.

NOTES—For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I., noted for its excellent (and expensive) cuisine. . . . Coney Island jaunters in search of sea-food dinners might try: Feltmans, Surf Ave., Coney Island; or Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG HOUSE—Stirring scenes of prison life, including a riot. With a story that isn't so brilliant. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—Warring airplanes and Zeppelins magnificently presented, the general effect somewhat lessened by a mediocre story. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at 11:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A very fine picture of the play, with Colin Clive. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; starting Fri., Aug. 29; performances continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

MOBY DICK—Of interest for some of its sea scenes. With John Barrymore. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

OLD ENGLISH—Exquisite portrayal of an octogenarian by George Arliss. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT—Lillian Gish in the Molnar comedy of the princess and the tutor. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 4 and 5; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE ROGUE SONG—Mr. Tibbett of the Metropolitan in an operetta of bandits and gypsies and Russian countesses. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 30-Sept. 1; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

ROMANCE—Greta Garbo, more beautiful than ever, as the opera singer who makes the clergyman forget his flock. (Capitol, B'way at 51; performances continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "All Quiet on the Western Front," the best German war novel made into the best and most savagely terrifying picture of life in the trenches; "For the Defense," an excellent story of underworld activities, with William Powell as the crook's refuge; "Raffles," Ronald Colman in a lively adaptation of Hornung's story.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—D. W. Griffith's latest production. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

ANIMAL CRACKERS—With the Marx Brothers. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

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ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group—Davies, Eakins, Homer, Inness, Lawson, Ryder, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group—Kuniyoshi, Dickinson, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CONTRASTS—Some Derain, Utrillo, Braque, etc., set up for the summer, along with Bruce and Sterne for contrast: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—A résumé of the various exhibits of the past season, showing some fine canvases by Van Gogh, Matisse, Cézanne, Burchfield, Demuth, Marin, etc.: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5th Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—The various French masters of the earlier days—Degas, Sisley, Monet, and other men who became famous with this house: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

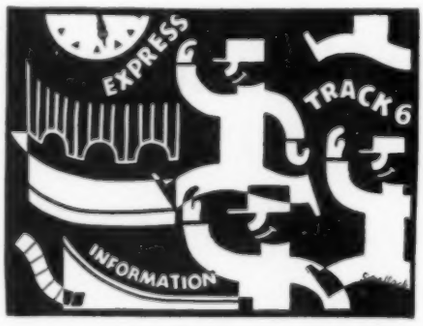
UTRILLO—Also Chirico, Segonzac, and various other contemporary French: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 3 P.M.

NOTE—The remarkable Havemeyer collection may still be found in Galleries 20-25 of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Last three concerts. Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting, nightly at 8:30, through Sun., Aug. 31: Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

OPEN-AIR OPERA—Every Thurs. Eve., at 8:30, weather permitting: Starlight Stadium, Bronx River at 177. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)



ON THE AIR

WILFRED GLENN—Bass soloist, in Atwater-Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Aug. 31, at 9:15, over WEAF.

TOSCHA SEIDEL—Violin soloist, with Barlow conducting orchestra: Mon. Eve., Sept. 1, at 9:30, over WABC.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Reinisch conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Sept. 1, at 10, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Wed. Eve., Sept. 3, at 10, over WABC.

WILLIAM T. TILDEN, II—Interviewed by Grantland Rice, in Coca-Cola Hour: Wed. Eve., Sept. 3, at 10:30, over WEAF.

KNUTE ROCKNE—Discussing the coming football season: Fri. Eve., Sept. 5, at 10:30, over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Fri., Aug. 29, at 3:20 P.M., and Sat., Aug. 30, at 2 P.M. (doubleheader); Giants vs. Boston, Sun., Aug. 31, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Mon., Sept. 1, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader); Yankees vs. Washington, Wed. through Fri., Sept. 3-5, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 6, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

POLO—International matches, U.S. vs. Great Britain, for the Westchester Cup, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I. First match Sat. Aft., Sept. 6, at 4. (Special trains will leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 1 to 2:50 P.M.)

RACING—Saratoga, N. Y.: last two days, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 29 and 30, at 3 P.M. (Train leaves Grand Central at 10:03 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:36 A.M.) . . . Belmont Park: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., starting Mon., Sept. 1. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.)

TENNIS—At the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I.: English-American matches, Sat. Aft., Aug. 30, at 2:30; East-West matches, Mon. Aft., Sept. 1, at 2:30; Men's National Singles tournament will start Sat. Aft., Sept. 6. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 1:33 and 2:07 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Oyster Bay, Sat., Aug. 30; Larchmont Yacht Club, Mon., Sept. 1; City Island Yacht Club, Sat., Sept. 6. . . . International 6-metre team races, British-American Cup, Oyster Bay, Tues., Sept. 2.

NOTES—Two of the best swimming pools in Manhattan are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). The St. George salt-water pool in Brooklyn (open until midnight) can be reached via West Side-7 Ave. subway to Clark St. Sta. . . . If you want to play tennis you might try: Plaza Tennis Courts, Riverside Dr. at Dyckman; or Notlek Courts, Riverside Dr. at 119.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE modern direction of young dreamers' eyes is upward, toward the tops of skyscrapers and the wings of planes. This is having its effect. The horizontal sweep of moor and fen no longer appeals to the youthful imagination. There is a little boy in New York to whom the Paramount Building represents everything that is good and beautiful. Country scenes bore him, for they lack height; he compares all Nature unfavorably with the Paramount Building. A friend asked him once if he had ever been to the top

of the structure. "No," he said. "But you *have*, dear," his mother told him. "I've never been on the ball," said the boy bitterly. His one ambition is some day to stand on the sphere that crowns the building of his dreams. This attitude should make for a race of stronger and more daring men, hardy builders, explorers of the sky. Such men will have no patience with green fields bending toward the sky line, roads dipping over distant slopes. There will be an end of poetry, perhaps of romance. People will get things done. The outlook is heartening.

AMERICA's gift for tossing off fighting words has been famous since the days of Lawrence and Oliver Hazard Perry, but our invention has been running pretty thin in late years. Only the other day we were saying to somebody that the immortal words of the Nineteen-Twenties were really rather tepid. Take Lindbergh's "I am Charles Lindbergh"—no iron in that. It doesn't compare with Major Whittlesey's oath or even with what Ambassador Gerard told the Imperial German Government that time. We were beginning to worry about it, when just last week there rose up out West a new Barbara Frietchie. We mean, of course, Mrs. Minnie Kennedy, who announced, for all the world to hear, that in spite of the great pain she was suffering from a biff on the nose administered by her daughter, Aimee Semple McPherson, she was nevertheless going to go right ahead and dedicate a new church just as she had promised she would. God bless her. That's the old spirit!

THE doctrine that the creative mind is essentially a little bit cracked—a theory hoary when Charles Lamb protested against it—has been set going again. You will possibly meet it at dinner. There may be something in it, but when we look at the million madnesses of Manhattan, including most of the hurry, we are inclined to doubt the corollary: that the perfectly normal person leads a normal life and is happy in it. If there is ever a final philosophy it will probably turn out to be something like Bovaryism, which a Frenchman deduced from Flaubert's heroine who imagined she was some-

thing she wasn't. Without auto-romanticism of some kind, of power or beauty or sacrifice, man is lost at the spectacle of his own triviality. A man at a desk dramatizes as he dictates to a stenographer who, poking her hair in the pauses, visualizes herself as a movie star. They sit in a skyscraper built by a financier who condescends to Cheops and Eiffel but actually has about as much to say about what he does as an ant in an anthill. Masks hide the poor reality, from the big businessman who likes to be jazzed off his feet by a supersalesman because it makes him feel important, down to the elevator-boy in his uniform. There is no normal; there are only averages.

AMONG travellers, the Paris taxi-driver has the reputation of being the hardest riding, the most abandoned,

the most fiery of all chauffeurs. That is part of the tourist legend. Young girls discuss it merrily, with their hotel labels still fresh on their luggage. We were thinking it over calmly the other morning, riding up Lexington Avenue in a cab at forty-eight miles an hour, and we decided there is nothing to it—it's just an old wives' tale, this puissance and dash of the Paris taxi. We would like to wager a bottle of Hospice de Beaune that the average Paris driver would last about three minutes, if he had to face our local armada of Luxamounts and Paracheckers. Of course, the two systems of driving are quite different, as everyone knows: the Frenchmen scuttle around, calling and answering to each other on their little tin horns. No New York driver ever listened to any other driver's horn—his blowing is not a signal, it is a complaint and a blas-

phemy, a single note in the long loud municipal wail against everything.

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AN innocent eavesdropper in a tea-room heard a group discussing the Bear Mountain Bridge. "What a bridge!" exclaimed one gentleman. "There were so many names on it we could hardly find room to write our own."

Dangers of Motoring

ONE of those long processions of motor cars was winding, worm-like, along a Westchester highway last Sunday when, as happens, it was halted by something doing up ahead. Drivers groaned, swore, and called each other names. Subsequently several climbed out and went forward to see what the trouble was. These discovered, at the head of the line, a small coupé, very spick-and-span, with two agitated ladies fluttering about outside it and uttering little frightened cries. "There's a bee in there," one of them explained. "A great big bee."

Tom Thumb

GETTING diligently to the bottom of this miniature-golf-course business, we find that it was all started in Chattanooga, Tennessee, by a Mr. Garnet Carter, who owns a hotel near there. He is described as a tall, easy-going Southerner who carries Pittsburgh stogies stuffed in several pockets. The Tom Thumb idea came to him about three years ago. He had a regular golf course in connection with his hotel and also a clock-golf arrangement for practicing putting. One day it struck him that it would be more fun if the clock course were spread around more, with trick hazards. He tried it, and there you are. The idea of using cottonseed hulls for grass, however, wasn't his. He got that from an American named Fairbairn, who owns a cotton plantation in the grassless plains of Mexico. When Fairbairn went down there he was lost without his golf, until he noticed the lawnlike texture taken on by a layer of cottonseed hulls trodden under his peons' feet on the loading platforms. Carter applied the idea to his miniature course. His, too, was the happy thought of dyeing the cottonseed green.

Carter is still amazed at the success of his casual invention. He hardly ever plays golf himself and on occasion has been heard to speak slightingly of those who do. "Dang fools" he has called them more than once. A little while ago he sold his interests in the patent rights for a couple of hundred thousand dollars, the patentable part of the idea being the use of the dyed cottonseed and certain of the hazards. The course at his hotel, however, is now one of the most elaborate in the country. It cost forty thousand dollars and is called Fairyland. The holes are named after nursery-tale characters—Peter Pan, Little Red Riding Hood, etc.

THE people who made Tom Thumb what it is today, in the North at least, are the Townsend Brothers of the National Pipe Products Corporation, who bought the rights to Carter's patents north of the Mason-Dixon Line. William Townsend was visiting his friend Bobby Jones in Atlanta and they paused to watch the players at a miniature course, of which there were already many in the South. Townsend at once saw the commercial possibilities. That was last October, and look where things are now: Six thousand courses in the entire country, two hundred in and around New York alone, operating under the Tom Thumb patents, and nobody knows how many others operating outside the patents. The first to be opened in the North was the McAdams course at Elmhurst, named

after a partner of the Townsends. It began operating on May 2, this year. The swankiest is at the Atlantic Beach Club. The most profitable and colorful are the two behind the Roxy Theatre, owned by William Fox, where Broadway cavorts after the theatre. These bring in about a thousand dollars a day provided the weather is good. The Tom Thumb courses are being opened at a rate of thirty a day, so fast that the company engineers who install them are transported from town to town by airplane. One man supervised the installation of courses at Coney Island, Hartford, Springfield, and Boston all at once.

A National Tom Thumb tournament is, of course, the latest development. It is to be held in October at Mr. Carter's Fairyland course. First prize, five thousand dollars.

Expert Opinion

ON the Overland Limited a florid and earnest gentleman, who had previously revealed himself as a state senator in Nevada, was expounding his views on world politics to more or less lethargic listeners in the club car when another passenger entered, spoke to one of the group, and sat down. At this moment the senator was running through a brief survey of the European situation. Suddenly the Nevadan turned to the newcomer and boomed: "Say, brother, what are your views?" The newcomer said that while he had given the subject some thought, the only opinion he could advance would be a personal one and he hesitated to do that. Prodded, however, he did make a few observations which would have been a newspaper sensation a few months back. The Westerner shouted him down; said, in effect, that he didn't know much about the subject. The newcomer finished his smoke and left the car. "Who was that fellow anyway?" the senator demanded, still bristling. Well, the answer was (it's that kind of a story) that the fellow was Owen D. Young.

Garden Glimpse

NOW and again, when Clendenin J. Ryan is in town, bus-top riders in Fifth Avenue catch a glimpse of him sitting under a parasol and reading his morning paper in the most valuable private garden in the world. He is the son of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan, who laid out the garden. You know the one—at Sixty-eighth Street. Few people enter it, although from time to time strangers try to. One fellow was so inquisitive that he attempted to get in by representing himself as an agent for a seed company and asking to see the head gardener. He didn't get to see him. The garden is not for the public. A high gray wall of stone and wood, topped with barbed wire, shuts it off from Fifth Avenue.

A real-estate man is our authority for the statement that it is the most valuable private garden there is. He says it must be, and goes into details. Thomas Fortune Ryan bought the plot a couple of years before the war from Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago traction magnate who built the London subways. He paid one million, two hundred and forty thousand dollars for it, a price which was all right in those days, but which is only about a quarter of what it is worth now, judging by property values in that section. This estimate checks with the asking price on the entire Ryan property—garden, residence, and art gallery—which is seven and a half millions. The last two, if you're interested, were built on parcels bought by Mr. Ryan two years before he acquired the garden plot—the residence site from Mr. Isaac Stern, of Stern Brothers; the art-gallery site from Mrs. Edward R. Ladlew. The house at the corner of Sixty-seventh Street, which cuts a wedge into the Ryan property, belongs, incidentally, to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The Ryan garden has a frontage of a little over a hundred feet on Fifth Avenue and is a hundred and fifty-three feet deep. The city collects about forty thousand dollars in taxes per year. As a garden it isn't really much. It's mostly a lawn-and-shrubbery garden,

with some small trees, a few flowers, a marble bench or two, a couple of fountains, and some lattice-work on the walls sparsely covered with vines. But it's a place to read Coolidge's column in the morning.

The Amenities

A FEW days ago, a gentleman called what he supposed to be the telephone number of a friend downtown, and asked to speak with him. "I'm sorry," a young lady's voice informed him, "we have no one of that name here. This," she continued, "is the office of Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner & Reed." This, it happens, is the name of a prominent law firm. The gentleman may or may not have realized this, but at any rate he was stunned by the lengthiness of the title. He made the first remark he could think of. "I—I hope they're all well," he ventured, and hung up.

Angel

HOWARD HUGHES, who spent four million dollars, his own money, making "Hell's Angels," sat alone in the balcony during the première at the Criterion. He didn't come downstairs for the hoopla during the intermission. His name is up in big red lights on Broadway, but he is shy about meeting people. He wouldn't be interviewed or photographed when he arrived here—he has sat for only one picture since he hit the movie world like a comet three or four years ago.

In appearance the young millionaire, not yet twenty-six, reminds people of Lindbergh, being six feet three, lanky, and gifted with a becoming uneasiness in the limelight. He is reputed to be shrewd and commanding in business conferences. He spends most of his time in planes and laboratories, however. He is an eminent sound engineer, and an expert with the camera. In a private laboratory in Hollywood he monkeys with devices for improving lenses, lighting, noises, etc., and also tinkers with an idea for a new steam automobile.

Hughes perhaps inherited his mechanical bent. His father was a big tool manufacturer in Texas who also made a lot in oil. He died when Howard was twenty and left him the works. The restless young man promptly turned the industry over to associates and took a flyer in the movies, financing a picture which returned big profits. Following this he went into the movies in earnest, spending money lavishly. His pictures were not only profitable but good. "The Racket" was one of them. He'd always had a dream of glorifying the World War aviators in such a spectacle as had never been seen before, and he worked it out on a scale that appalled producers of the old, one-million-dollar school.

You've read about how he leased counties, rounded up authentic war-time planes in Europe, hired and organized a staff of approximately two hundred fliers, built on the lot a dirigible half the size of the Los Angeles. It took a year and cost a million to make the Zeppelin shots alone. No miniatures were used; tricks were employed to get only a comparatively few effects, such as the clouds into which the Zeppelin rides. Bewildered by the task of commanding nearly a hundred airplanes in maneuvers as dangerous as those of actual warfare, the director Hughes had hired gave up. Hughes took over the job himself. He piloted his own plane to direct the scenes in the air. It took eighteen months to complete them. Hughes has been a licensed pilot since he was twenty-one.

Three men—perhaps we should say *only* three men—were killed during the making of the picture. They say that if you look close enough during the shots of the thrilling "dogfight" between fifty or more planes, you can see one of them, a small trailing thread of smoke in the background, plunging ten thousand feet. Another man was killed in a collision between two planes. He was equipped with a parachute, as were all the fliers, but didn't get loose in time to jump. The man in the other plane made it. The third fatality was due to the failure of one of the German Fokkers attacking the big bomber.

The picture was started in pre-talkie days and the on-the-ground part of it, including a plot which doesn't amount to much, had to be retaken. The air scenes, however, were made later, with sound, and didn't have to be redone.

Hughes next plans to do some all-color pictures. He has bought the rights to "The Front Page" and to "Queer People," a novel satirizing Hollywood life. Nobody reads or buys stories for him. He does it himself. He rarely writes letters, using the long-distance telephone instead. He has put in as many as twenty calls to Los Angeles in one afternoon during his stay here.

Whoopee

A DEMON taxi-driver whirled us into Fifth Avenue out of Twenty-third Street the other noon, just beating a red light, grazing a traffic sign, grazing a safety zone, grazing a bus. A cop halted him. Deliberately he took a big handkerchief from his pocket. "Listen, cowboy," he said. "On your way back I'll drop this, an' see if you can pick it up wit' yer teeth." With this he motioned him on.

East Side Boy

PHIL BAKER, the accordion-playing comedian (to take up another life story) who is heckled at every performance by a confederate sitting in a box, got this idea—or had it thrown at him—one night about twelve years ago. That evening, during a performance at the Winter Garden, he was actually badgered by a paying customer. Baker came right back at his tormentor and the impromptu badinage went so well with the audience that Baker decided to hire the man, and did. The next night the heckler was moved up into a box, and the dialogue the two engaged in had been rehearsed. The new partner in the act was one Jo Jo Lee, a singing waiter who had been at Tony Pastor's. They say he was there with Irving Berlin—as who was not? Lee was succeeded by Sid Silvers, who kept the job for five years. The present man in the box is John Humphrey Muldowney. He was playing some instrument in a jazz band when Baker took him on a couple of years ago. Occasionally women get jittery when Muldowney starts talking in a box near them, and at every performance some guileless people believe the interruptions are genuine and unpremeditated.

Baker was born in the lower East Side, two or three doors from where the Cantors, Eddie's parents, lived. Baker's father was a German furrier, quite poor. At nine or ten Phil used to help out the family income by playing the accordion on the sidewalks. When he was twelve, he left school and got a job as office-boy with a movie company. One of his duties was to hand Mary Pickford her weekly pay envelope. It contained seventy-five dollars in those days.

At fifteen Baker essayed vaudeville.

He made fifty cents one night in Boston, a dollar in Fall River the next night. The third night he slept in a park. Next day he got a job chopping wood, hoping to earn his fare to New York, but his hands gave out after three days and a kindly superintendent in the woodyard sent him back here, steerage, on the Fall River Line.

For the next five years Baker played the piano in Harlem clubs, and on small-time vaudeville circuits, doubling in the fiddle. This didn't seem to get him anywhere, so he went back to the accordion. That got him a job with Ben Bernie, which lasted two years. Shortly after this, when Baker was doing a single, Mr. Lee talked out of turn and Baker's present act began to take form. So did his fame. His first big musical-comedy contract was with the "Greenwich Village Follies;" but it was in the second "Music Box Revue" that he knocked 'em dead. He's been starred since then.

The comedian's hobby used to be gambling. His biggest night was one in which he lost three thousand dollars at dice—he never had a very big winning night. His bad luck caused him to abandon chance for golf, at which he is somewhat better. He lives in an apartment in the Hotel Lombardy and spends a lot of time in it, as he doesn't like New York particularly. Going on the road is a vacation for him. He belongs to clubs in nearly every big city. He is a hard worker; he has played steadily for two years, touring in vaudeville between musical shows. He'd like to do straight dramatic rôles, something strong and profound—maybe Captain Stanhope in "Journey's End."

Pushed from the Spot

THE fascinating language of gangland, thanks to the movies and the publishers, is pretty commonly understood in this broad land, but not in other countries, apparently. Our story about the Hollywood producer who thought a buffoon was something like a cyclone reminded Mr. Harry M. Vernon, author of "Mr. Wu" and other plays, of an experience he had with an English motion-picture producer. He was explaining a scene he had written, one which he thought quite thrilling. "Then," said the author, "Ryan is put on the spot by the girl and is bumped off by Spinelli and the other gunmen, and—" The English producer raised a deprecating hand, and an eyebrow. "But my dear fellow," he objected, pained, "pushing people about is not exciting; it's merely rude." —THE NEW YORKERS

"Get Mamma a needle and thread like a good boy, and don't stand there gaping!"

THE 1930's

The Guest Room

ENGLISHMEN NEVER SPEAK TO STRANGERS IN TRAINS

HE made the train at St. Pancras only just in time, lurched into the Motts' compartment, and dropped into a corner seat, puffing a little. In appearance—square, portly, solid figure, rosy face hedged with gray sideburns—he was any *Punch* cartoon of John Bull come to life in a black morning coat and silk hat, with a neat umbrella instead of a riding crop.

This was Mrs. Mott's first visit to England; of course Mr. Mott wanted to point out a lot of things to her she didn't know about—hedges, for instance, and lambs. The stranger's entrance annoyed him. You simply cannot point at lambs before a strange Englishman. You can't do it, that's all; not ever. So as the train gathered speed in the smooth irresistible way of English trains, and glided silently out through the tidy suburban backyards of London, Mr. and Mrs. Mott were conscious of nothing but the fact that they were alone with an authentic British railway traveller who would, as they knew from many a book and anecdote, snub them fiercely if they spoke a word to him.

They acted not only as if they were alone in the compartment, but as if they were total strangers to each other. And the Englishman was plainly just as well up on the rules; in fact Mrs. Mott had the uncomfortable sensation that if they had been in the sort of place where perambulation was feasible, he might easily have trodden on her.

"My fool of a commissionaire forgot my hat—only just made it in time with my papers. That is why I'm wearing this. A top hat's such a nuisance in a train. I once knew an Amedican."

HE had spoken; there, from his corner, he had suddenly spoken, and his words sounded—if the Motts rightly interpreted his juicy British gurgle—very much like an apology for something. Mr. Mott caught his wife's alarmed eye: what to do, what to do? Mrs. Mott put on what he recognized as her well-bred air; he himself compromised: he said "Ah?" in a feeble voice, then as nothing further happened, turned to the window again.

Gradually peace and a feeling of security once more descended on the Motts. Suddenly: "What part of Amedica do you come from, may I ask?"

Mr. Mott cursed silently. "Boston," he replied.

The native looked at him for the first time. "Ah, Boston," he remarked reflectively, correcting Mr. Mott's pronunciation; and then, not as a question, but in confirmation of a fact previously known to himself, "Boston is in the South."

Mr. Mott, startled, answered "No; Boston is on the northeast seaboard."

"Yes." The monosyllable emerged slowly with a rising inflection, in the tone of a host tolerantly humoring the whim of a guest. But behind it sounded the conviction that although Boston might be, in a sense, on the northeast seaboard, it was, more broadly considered, in the South. Mr. Mott began to wonder if perhaps he hadn't been wrong all these years.

After an interval: "You have good wapiti shooting there, have you not" —another statement of fact. Mr. Mott reflected again; he wanted to be sure, this time: had he ever shot elk—wapiti were elk, weren't they?—in Boston? Let's see: no, that was in Wyoming. Yes—Wyoming.

"No," he said with assurance, "there are no wapiti in Boston. Massachusetts, the state of which Boston is the capital, is thickly populated, boasting many factories, and in the rural parts supporting many small farmers. You must," he concluded apologetically, "be thinking of Wyoming."

"Quite. . . . And prairie hens. They give good sport. Prairie hens abound near Boston, I fancy?"

"On the contrary, sir. There are no prairie hens near Boston, although they are said to be rife on our western pampas. No doubt you are confused by our country's vast size."

"Yes." Then: "Forgive me if I get on with these papers." His manner continued courteous, as if he were pardoning an interruption; but his tone implied unmistakably that Mr. Mott was hardly well enough posted to make further conversation with him profitable.

HE got on with his papers for the best part of an hour, while the Motts continued their crystal-gazing, and, as they became increasingly aware of the gentle beauty of the June countryside and less of the stranger's presence, continued the process of falling deep in love with it.

"Very fond of sport myself," the Englishman picked up where he had left off.

"Really?"

"Yes. Very keen. Fishing. . . . Killed a fifty-nine-pound salmon in Norway last month."

Mrs. Mott spoke up for the first

"Say, stranger, if I was you I'd lay off that talk about Andrew Mellon. I'm a poisnal admirer of his."

"Let him out, so he can romp a while."

• •

time. "But that sounds so brutal. Why didn't you use a hook and line?"

A pause; then: "Ha ha, my dear young lady, ha ha ha. You're pulling my leg." He turned to Mr. Mott. "What other sports have you in Boston?" he asked.

Mr. Mott meditated. Let's see now. . . . Oh well, they'd never meet again; why not let him have it? They'd be in Derby in a quarter of an hour, anyway. "Well," he said slowly, "there's foxhunting, of course."

"Ah—hunting! There's sport. The best. I used to hunt. Had to sell my horses after the war. A poor man's country now, you know, England."

Mr. Mott assumed a puzzled air. "Horses?" he asked densely. "Oh, you must mean the English variety, pink uniforms, all that—though why pink I never could see. Don't they alarm the game?" The native stiffened, but answered not. Mr. Mott went on: "No, I was referring to real foxhunting—you know, dogs, guns, that sort of thing. I use a forty-four myself. Killing foxes with a shotgun is simply not, to my way of thinking, sporting. Of course, in grandfather's time—but then, customs change. Don't they?"

THERE was no question that Mr. Mott had the other's undivided attention now—his apoplectic attention. "My dear sir, do you seriously mean to—?"

"I shot a beauty in May, just before we sailed; that's the skin my wife's wearing. In fact, our best hunting's in May; the foxes are tired then, and it's easier. Like to hear about it? . . . For once we had plenty of dogs, oh, a dozen or so, and as many guns. I was in my old Ford—very useful over rough country, the old Model T—and the rest of the hunt in various makes. We met in a likely suburb. Almost as soon as we let the dogs out, my old Pomeranian gave his characteristic yelp. By Jove, we had a frightful thrill; made sure he'd found. All the other dogs walked over to see what Fred was up to, while the guns waited with bated breath. Imagine our chagrin when it turned out to be just a cat. Not that stray cats don't give good sport too; but this turned out to be a private cat, and anyway the dogs were cheated of their prey when she ran into the house. Checks can be so annoying, don't you think? . . . The next time we let them go they found directly. King Victor Emmanuel, a St. Bernard puppy belonging to my Cousin Sybil, had the honor. Almost trod on the brute, as a

matter of fact, as he lay asleep behind a tin garage. Not that the fox stayed there. Not he! Up he sprang, off he flew, dogs after him through backyard, dump heap and common, right off across-country, while the rest of the hunt went round by the streets. The fox was heading for a grove of trees in the distance, too big to ask the Ford to crash through, willing as she is; so when we reached it, I cut along one side, hoping that Sir Reynard would double back for once, instead of going to tree. My strategy was well repaid: no sooner had I rounded the grove than I saw him sneaking along the street right toward me. I turned off the motor and drew my revolver from its holster. On he came, closer and closer, until it seemed he must see me. Suddenly, not more than twenty feet away, he stopped abruptly, sniffed, and—looked straight into my eyes. He must have smelled me! I levelled my revolver. Dare I risk it? Or should I wait until curiosity drew him closer yet. For three seconds he stood there, his head raised, frozen and alert. . . . Four seconds. Then—*bang!* went my pistol unexpectedly, and I knew no more. I had actually fainted from excitement. When I came to and staggered to my feet, the first thing I saw was Sambo, my body servant, peeling the fox, and I knew I'd got him. That night—"

"We're getting in, Jack," Mrs. Mott said.

They put on hats and coats, and waited for the train to stop, in silence. "Well—er—goodbye," Mr. Mott said, more from embarrassment than anything else.

"Eh?" The native seemed to wake from a disagreeable dream. "Oh, goodbye." They parted forever. Their last glimpse of him, as he walked toward the barrier, showed them a man moving slowly, with head bowed, pondering—a man who had looked into hell, and returned.

THAT night Mr. Mott told his English host about it at dinner—somewhat breathlessly and with a sense of wonder that increased rather than diminished with the telling—omitting, of course, the frivolous account of fox-hunting in America, for fear of shattering an old friendship.

Their host was only politely interested. Oh yes, he said, the type was not extinct in England, merely rarer than before the war. The wapiti and prairie-chicken elements of the story, which to the Americans seemed a fable of England come incredibly true, failed to impress him. Only at Mr. Mott's casual mention of the salmon did he really prick up his ears.

"A big fish, that. What did the chap look like? He got off at Derby, you say?" Mr. Mott described him again.

"That's odd. Don't know him. . . . Wait now: I did see a bit in the *Field* about a Derby man killing a big salmon. Get me last month's *Field*, Bollard—in the billiard-room. . . . Yes, here we are. Chap named Atkinson. Never heard of him. Probably the first fish ever he killed in his life."

From which Mr. and Mrs. Mott gathered several impressions, chief among them that they were unquestionably in England.

—DONALD MOFFAT

"Oh, he's a gentleman—if you know what I mean."

THE U.S.A. BLUES

I

In her Early Aztec workshop,
Accessories by Lalique,
Decorations by Dufy, Laurencin, and poor old
Domenico Theotocopuli, "the Greek,"
Sits Mary Moriarty, advertising expert,
Making the peasants commodity-conscious
In re:

(Item) Atalanta sports undies for gentlewomen;
(Item) the Sesame Skin Magic account;
(Item) Topazes, and cinnamon, and cheap tin trays.

She'd guarantee for a million in cash
To sell an unlimited public
On Confucianism or the Single Tax.

Says Princess Onandonandoff: "I have learnt
To distinguish the low-born white trash
By his ignorance of Confucianism
(Or the Single Tax)."
And Mrs. Twombley Hair-Shirt: "How
Can the smart woman hold up her head
Without Confucianism
(Or the Single Tax)?"
And Mrs. Toota de Toot: "Delicious!"

Weeks pass, and whites and blacks,
Pious Confucians full of *risches*
(Or Single-Taxers),
From Arkansas to Kansas,
Are stringing up the Gentiles,
The dirty foreigners.
Says Mrs. Toota de Toot: "Delicious!"

What makes it rain? What makes it drizzle?
What makes Mary Moriarty?
What's on your mind? She put it there for fun.
Without her, the Crack of Doom would fizzle.
But in forty nights and forty days
You and I will swear by no others
But Atalanta sports undies for gentlewomen,
Sesame Skin Magic,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and cheap tin trays.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
Mary Moriarty.

II

Out of rock-ribbed New England,
Hammer of God,
Closed fist since the mortgage fell due,
Home of the cod,
The Minute Men, and the textile industry,
Came a whisper and a croonin' and Rudy Vallée,
My vagabond pleurisy.

Whalin's dead, the textile industry's dead:
Try croonin', boys, try sheep-grazin'.

Vladimir Bonchek, last rose of pioneer stock,
Watches his flocks by night.
A radio in every pasture:
Hark the herald angels croonin'.
Welcome to the Mazurka Radio Hour,
The voice with a croon,
The tenor baboon,
By the light of the moon,
Guaranteed to score the winning touchdown
In the last 10 sec. of play.

Vladimir Bonchek,
Last to tune off on Pan the Crooner,
Sitting among his sheep,
Making New England pay.

Sad.

III

The Lyric Art Society, with which is affiliated the W.C.T.U., will meet this coming Thursday at the residence of Mrs. Betsy Bifocal, who owns the only plaster bust of Dante in town. Wednesday, hasenpfeffer; Thursday, Culture; Friday, fish. The plaster bust of Dante will respectfully absorb Selected Readings from the Works of Richard Halliburton, Kathleen Norris, and Chic Sale; a rehash from the encyclopedia on the *Vie et Œuvres* of That Frog, Marcel Proust, "unexampled for bold candor;" and a unanimous resolution condemning drinking by high-school girls under fifteen years of age. O Dante, O Lyric Art, O Betsy Bifocal! The cultural future of our nation is assured while our best families take such an active and—ah—appreciative interest in the—ah—higher things, the things of—shall I say?—ah—the spirit. Cinnamon toast and tea and Culture Classes. Next turn to the right and lo! Parnassus.

IV

Gone are the galleys of Rome, and the Phoenicians' trireme,
For a chocolate-nut sundae, with chocolate ice cream.

Leander was a winner, but he never looked so cute
As Richard Halliburton in a bathing suit.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be in our soup,
Boop-boopa-doop! Boop-boopa-doop!

—David Cort

MARBLE HALLS

[AFTER A VISIT TO THE CHRYSLER AND DAILY NEWS BUILDINGS, AND UPON READING OF STILL MORE MAGNIFICENT TOWERS YET TO COME, WRITTEN AS IN A DREAM]

ON October 17 THE NEW YORKER will move into its new one-hundred-story building at 445 Riverside Drive. This skyscraper occupies the site of the old Temple Solom Ishkashai, which the editors caused to be torn down for one reason and another. It will be three hundred and four stories high, and will cost a sum in the neighborhood of thirty-seven million dollars. Except for the windows it will be built entirely of green glass.

Probably the most interesting feature of the New Yorker Building will be the lobby, which will be designed to represent a scene in Hell. In the centre there will be a railed-off pit containing an electric incinerator operating on a principle that nobody understands. Every twenty-eight minutes an employee will be thrown into this pit and publicly incinerated. It is thought that this will be a new experience even to the most blasé New Yorkers.

Around the walls there will be murals typical of the general confusion, such as "The Execution of Gerald Chapman" and "Calvin Coolidge Annoying the Indians." These will be executed in feathers and bent wire, just pasted on the wall. Modern. Surmounting them, on the ceiling in fact, will be the following inscription in red and green electric lights: "A thousand years are as a single day, in the sight of the least of these, thy sparrows." The floor of the lobby will be black glass and the signs of the zodiac and other confusing symbols are to be inlaid in solid gold. Miss Evangeline Adams will have a booth where she will cast horoscopes and explain anything about the lobby that you don't understand. During working hours, an orchestra, sitting on a revolving glass platform which will be suspended from the ceiling, will play "Hello Central Give Me No Man's Land." The orchestra will consist entirely of saxophones. This entertainment will be continuous, and free. The building is to be four hundred and ten stories high and will cost seventy-five million dollars.

The elevators will also be solid gold and it will take them a week to get from the lobby to the five-hundred-and-tenth floor, where they will turn around and come back. They will be operated by young ladies in one-piece bathing suits who will serve tea and sing love songs at every hundredth floor. In

"I don't want to be a wet blanket, girlie, but there's people waiting for this mail."

place of the dials which usually tell where the elevators are, there will be specially constructed parrots, trained to say: "Good morning. The car is now at the three-hundred-and-sixth floor." Or wherever it is. It is estimated that the building will cost one hundred and four million dollars. It will be solid gold.

The roof of the New Yorker Building will be given over to an amusement park, where the attractions will include a rather large lake for swimming and boating, an aviation field, merry-go-rounds, roller-coasters, and a Russian Grand Duke who will guess your exact weight or give you your money back. With its six hundred and eighty-five floors, the New Yorker Building will, of course, take its place as the highest in the world.

Among other novel features of this new Behemoth of the Skies are: eight thousand and forty-one ladies' washrooms, a night club jointly conducted by Rudy Vallée and Amos 'n' Andy, a home for wayward girls, a private police department, a cat-and-dog hospital, a moving-picture theatre, museums, libraries, and a fountain and a live peacock in every office. The New Yorker Building will be four million stories high and it will cost ninety-eight billion dollars. Not counting the solid-gold spire. —Wolcott Gibbs

OF ALL THINGS

At the moment of going to press, Tom Thumb golf is the universal entertainment of a great people. Those not playing the game are giggling at it.

•

The Paris police have asked tourists to cease the dangerous practice of dropping two-sou pieces from the top of the Eiffel Tower. Upon request the authorities will gladly point out quicker and pleasanter methods of throwing away money.

•

O. H. Cheney says that the regular trade need not worry about the sale of cheap books in drugstores. Yes, but how would the pharmacists like it if the bookstores took to selling tires, bathing suits, and tuna-fish sandwiches?

•

Investors in Gallant Fox and Which-one agree with the committee's report that there is no gambling in Saratoga. The only pastime there is grand larceny.

•

At the present rate of speed, Chicago gangsters will have one another nicely killed off by the end of the year; and whom public officials will borrow money from then we haven't the faintest idea.

•

Representative Wood of Indiana seems to think that the improved price of corn means improved Republican prospects. If somebody would only patiently explain to the farmer how to get rich by selling the costly corn he hasn't got.

•

Pinchot's nomination for governor is confirmed by the court, but there is said to be an actual chance for the Democrats to carry Pennsylvania. The Vare boys are so disgruntled that they may stoop so low as to let Philadelphians vote as they blame please.

•

Dr. Julius Klein reports in the *American Magazine* that bankers have voted two to one that good times will return in October. We'd want to know whether they lend as they vote.

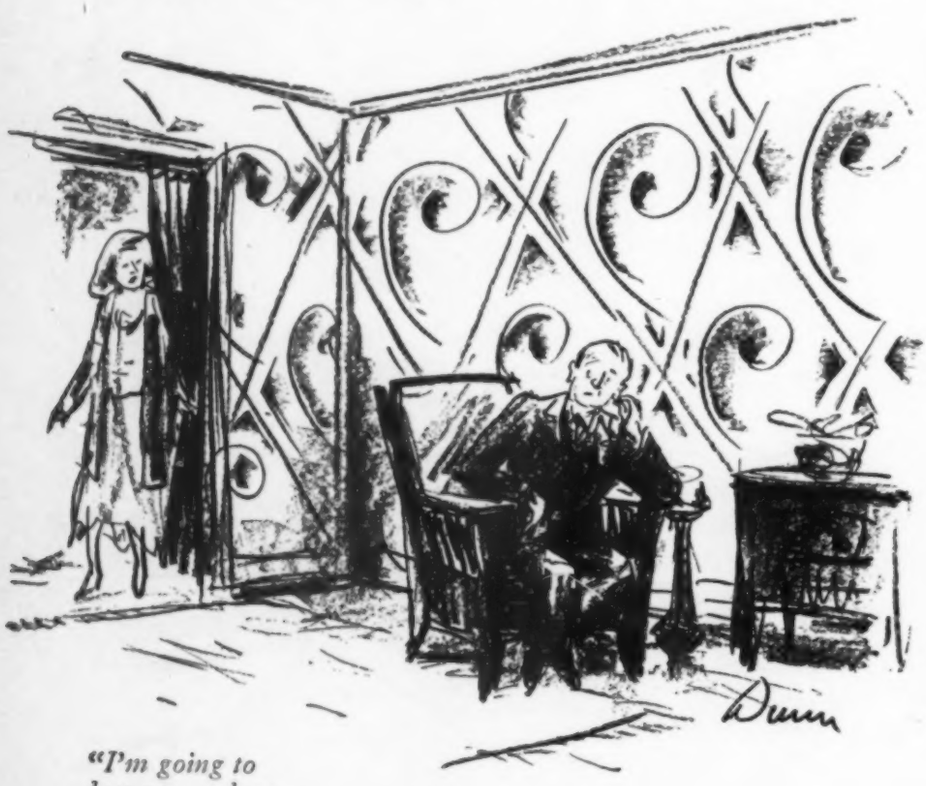
•

We sincerely hope that the United States will not be drawn into this war between Sister McPherson and her mother. Somebody would put prohibition over on us while the boys were in the trenches.

•

The Ewald case is open again and we have every confidence that sellers of seats on the bench will eventually be punished. At least for violating the ticket-speculation ordinance.

—Howard Brubaker



"I'm going to leave you alone with the new wallpaper a few minutes, dear."

• •

RETURN

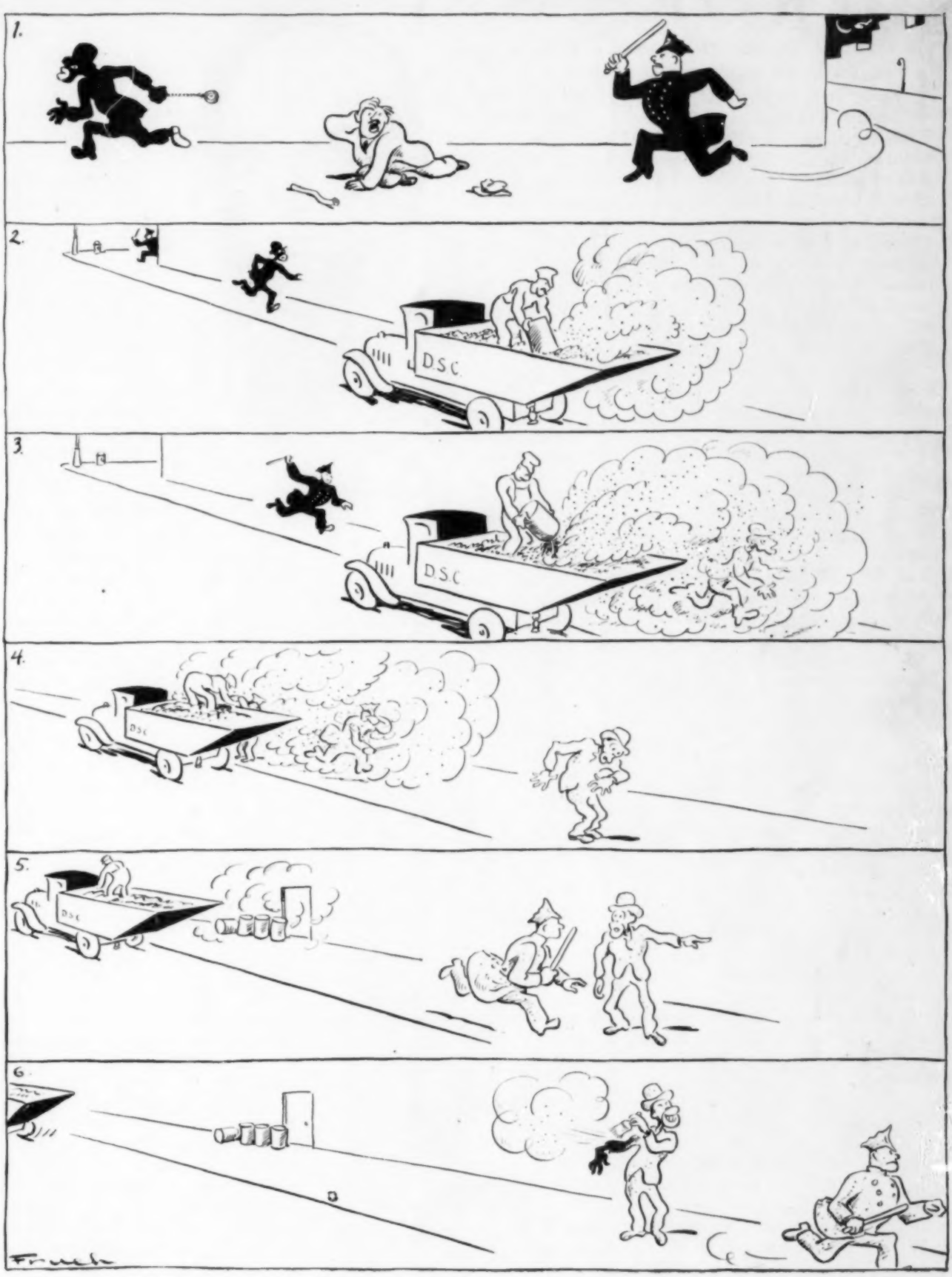
How can a woman tell
What she has seen
Who in the Realms of Love
Lately has been?

A broken sentence here,
A spread of hands,
Eyes that have seen the sun
In other lands—

So the explorers once
Back from New Spain
In draughty palace rooms
Tried to explain,

Tried to explain, explain,
Then, in despair,
Displayed an Indian
With feathered hair.

—Elizabeth Coatsworth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PROFILES

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE

IT was in 1903 that a browned young man, already bald, walked into the dingy offices of William Travers Jerome and asked for a job. Seth Low, the vain and timid ex-president of Columbia, was mayor. Croker, deposed, was racing horses in England and Bill Devery strolled down to The Pump daily to wisecrack about the ambitions of Murphy, the dauphin. Hansom cabs trotted up and down lower Fifth Avenue, and Stanford White or Richard Harding Davis might be seen of evenings, smoking their cigars on the front steps of the old Brevoort.

New York was full of color and movement and change. Reform, so far as the city administration was concerned, was slipping, but Jerome still hammered down the stews of the Tenderloin and cut political tape to jail the highbinders. Jerome's campaigning had carried Low into office, but Jerome, however gifted, could not run the district attorney's office and City Hall too. He was doing magnificently at his own job—the vigor of his Rooseveltian young men, fresh out of Harvard, Columbia, and Yale, had given the town new ideas on the possibility of honesty in public life.

The bald young man—he was Joseph E. Corrigan—had felt the fever and excitement of the times while he set himself to the dull business of a bright future in corporation law. He was well enough situated; two years out of school had seen him serve an apprenticeship with Guthrie, Cravath & Henderson, an impressive firm, and become chief clerk for Henry Wollman, another attorney. But the figure of Jerome drew him like a magnet; he wanted to be in the swim.

So on that day in 1903 he entered the dusty rooms in the Criminal Courts Building and asked for Jerome. Joseph P. Cotton, a legal giant of his day, had told him there was an opening. Corrigan brought a letter from the Dean of Columbia Law School and a vast enthusiasm for the crusade. He got the job, became a deputy assistant district attorney.

That sudden break away from corporation law settled the course of Joe Corrigan's career. He went into public life when he was twenty-eight and he has never been out of it since. It was not advancement that kept him there; he sat on a magistrate's bench for twenty-three years while ex-bar boys and clambake Blackstones, sprung Minerva-like from Tammany Hall to wisdom, went up and past him to the dignity of General Sessions and the Supreme Court.

This would be an extraordinary record even in a patient man, and Joe Corrigan is not a patient man. He *is* an unusual one—almost an anomaly. He is the only magistrate in the *Social Register*. A chief magistrate's salary is only fifteen thousand dollars, but he is moderately wealthy in his own right, having inherited a modest fortune from his first wife, and an uncle; he has a house in the country and an apartment in town; he belongs to the right clubs; he is honest, incorruptible, and personally charming. He is, implausibly enough, both a magistrate and a gentleman.

Joseph E. Corrigan

SITTING at his desk at 300 Mulberry Street—the tumble down administrative office for all the police courts—he does not at first glance suggest the unbending judge who is the abomination of all three-shilling politicians. Careless about his dress and his personal belongings, witty and amusing in his gregarious moments, he seems rather to belong at a card table at the Calumet Club or in the locker-rooms at the Racquet and Tennis. Almost alarmingly bald, he nevertheless does not look his fifty-five years. A long nose and a belligerent jaw give a severe cast to his face, but the severity is lighted often by a crooked and almost bashful grin.

Corrigan has always been a puzzle to the respectable and solvent attorneys of the Bar Association hierarchy—and quite reasonably, too. They have never understood why he chose to remain a magistrate all these years, brushing shoulders with crooks and ward-heelers and shysters, when he might have had a suite of offices in one of the Wall Street vaticans and a lucrative private practice. A magistrate is after all—well, only a magistrate.

What they do not appreciate is the weight of those four years he served with Jerome. Corrigan came into the business of officeholding when it was brave and gay. There was crusading to be done and there were fine brick walls to bump one's head against. Croker had been finally done in and all the adventurous young men were convinced that the town might be reclaimed from the spoilsmen. The game of politics was a glittering dragon-baiting with all the fun of a Saturday-night street fight.

That was the air Corrigan breathed when he moved into the Criminal Courts and he never got it out of his lungs. He was set down there in the centre of things; he was really in the swim. Canfield's was running full tilt; the town was wide open. Its saloons were the most luxurious in the world, its politicians were the most unprincipled, its millionaires were the richest. To Corrigan was granted the greatest luxury of all. He could mingle in this world and yet retain his self-respect. As a Jerome man, and later as a judge, he had to fly no colors; everyone knew just where he stood.

So Corrigan learned the town. As a member of Jerome's informal board of strategy it was part of his business, but, more than that, an insatiable curiosity drove him on. In those shining days he knew pickpockets and prostitutes, chorus girls and ministers of the gospel, gold-brickers, gamblers, actors, writers, lobbygows, gunmen. All of these interested him—he wanted to see what made them tick. Yet, so odd was the chemistry of the man that, dancing all night at Tim Sullivan's parties, eating at Jack's at dawn, he could remain entirely detached, an observer at the show.

When Corrigan became engrossed in

the town and its affairs it must have given a disconcerting jolt to the gods who had fated him for corporation law. It meant, brutally, that he would never go back. Corrigan's curiosity about people and events is very real, and the bench, with its extraordinary authority for inquisition, is a very pleasant place for a curious man. Once a judge, once aware that daily he was confronted with a new phase of the human riddle, the fattest retainer in the world could not have enticed him back to civil practice.

The years have tempered his brusqueness and directed his curiosity into changing channels, but the Chief Magistrate remains an inquiring man. The dark emotions, the shadowy places of the mind, interest him particularly. He said recently that he would rather talk to a habitual criminal than to Bernard Shaw. Why? Because he wants to know what particular bug has bitten the delinquent, what are his pleasures and his compensations, why he is out of step in a regimented world.

Looking at Corrigan today, it is probably his tolerance that recommends him most happily to critical admiration. It is not the tolerance of an opportunist politician who includes himself in his own charitable viewpoint; it is a tolerance almost never to be found in men in public life. It is the understanding of a civilized and open-eyed individual, an understanding that in certain sections of our great land it would be next to treason to admit. It has in it the calmness of a man to whom life has left few illusions, a man who cannot be frightened into righteous homilies by the appearance of depravity, and prefers, rather, to be surprised agreeably by the occasional outcroppings of human nobility.

But all this, somehow, has a too solemn sound, and the new Chief Magistrate is not a solemn man. He has a better time than almost anyone I can bring to mind. His life has always been cast in pleasant places.

HE was born in Newark, the son of a physician and one of a large and amiable family. His uncle was the late Archbishop Corrigan of the New York Roman Catholic diocese, and the Chief Magistrate was the Archbishop's favorite nephew—indeed, became his heir. The boy attended school here in winter, but spent every summer in Florida. His father, because of ill health, was forced to maintain a permanent home there. Summers in Florida, if nothing else, inculcated in the boy a love for outdoor sports which he never lost. Today his country place is at Point Judith, Rhode Island, near Narragansett, and hot weather weekends find him sailing a boat, fishing, or swimming.

Corrigan went to college at Seton Hall and played quarterback on the football team when the centre rush was still the big threat of the gridiron. Husky backs used to lift him, skinny and slight, over the scrambling oxen of the scrimmage line. From Seton he went on to Columbia and made a brilliant record for himself in the Law School. One of his feats there was the founding of the Columbia *Law Review*, which is still very much in existence.

Nominally the Chief Magistrate is now affiliated with Tammany Hall; he belongs to the Charles L. Kohler Club

"Use your bean, Mumsie!"

in the lower Fifth Avenue District. Mr. Kohler, by the way, is the city budget director. Corrigan, it may as well be said at once, has never taken his Tammany membership too seriously, and few ambitious men in public life have been more badly treated by their own political organizations. In 1913 and 1917 he was a logical Democratic candidate for district attorney and was rather completely ignored by Charles F. Murphy, then at the height of his power. In 1925, when Walker succeeded the dizzy Hylan, it was generally believed that Corrigan would be made police commissioner, but somewhere the appointment was sidetracked. Corrigan wanted that job, but disappointments are no surprise to him; he has known too many.

That Corrigan became a judge at all may be laid to a family quarrel in the Hall. Murphy and Mayor McClellan quarrelled in 1907. McClellan decided to ignore patronage when the judiciary opened up. Punishment of Murphy was the idea, and so when he announced that he would appoint "two clean young Democrats" to the bench he went—of all places—to Jerome's staff to get them.

One of the new magistrates was Corrigan, then thirty-two years old. The other was Frederic Kernochan, now chief justice of Special Sessions. Corrigan's luck carried through. When, ten years later, he came up for reappointment, John Purroy Mitchel, Fusion mayor, was in office. He was promptly named again. By 1927 Corrigan was the best-known magistrate in the United States, and Walker, even had he wanted to, would hardly have dared to defy public opinion by failing to reappoint him.

In 1917 Corrigan's ambition and his independence carried him off the reservation entirely for a few months. When Murphy, his old enemy, refused to listen to those who wanted him nominated for district attorney, the Magistrate ran anyway. He recalls the result now, grinning, as the worst licking that any candidate ever got. His campaign was a brilliant one. He called all his encyclopedic knowledge of the town to his aid and kept the newspapers full of sensational and accurate exposures. He spoke to great crowds, and his regiments of friends in the theatrical and writing professions rallied to his aid. That was encouraging, but the actors and writers were outnumbered. In a three-cornered race with Swann and Ransom he polled a measly eleven thousand votes.

"Yeh, this is Winestine, entrepreneur."

CORRIGAN'S independence, it must be evident, has been bought at a considerable price, but nevertheless, and oddly enough, it was his independence that finally made him chief magistrate. This spring a series of scandals visited themselves upon the magistrates' courts. Civic organizations demanded reform. When the aged William McAdoo died, Mayor Walker, his good humor a little soured by criticism, turned to someone who could solve a bothersome problem, someone in whom the public, the lawyers, the editors, had confidence. Corrigan was the man.

The Chief Magistrate has always had a hatful of enemies. Among them are such members of the Police Department as are given to third-degree methods and the shakedown. The least suggestion of police brutality has in the past served to get cases thrown out of his court. The tactics of the Vice Squad also merit his bitter contempt. The fact that many judges accept the unsubstantiated word of plain-clothes-

men in prostitution cases, he says, has allowed a vicious blackmailing system to grow up.

On the few occasions he sat in Women's Court, the procedure went something like this:

"Officer, what's your story?"

"Well, Judge, this woman—"

"Any corroboration?"

"No, sir."

"Case dismissed."

Some years ago a street woman was brought up there. A curly-haired detective had captivated her with his wiles, and then, with something less than the appreciativeness of a gentleman, placed her under arrest. He told his story to Corrigan while the woman glared. As the policeman left the stand she rushed across the room and leaped screaming upon him. Before the policeman could be rescued she had blacked both his eyes.

One summer evening long afterward the Magistrate, taking a stroll in a side street, was solicited. Curious as ever, he began to question the woman about her profession. She grew restive and peered at him in the glare of the street lamp.

"Take off that hat," she commanded, and he complied.

"Why, it's Judge Corrigan!"

"Yes," he replied, with a dawning gleam in his eyes, "and you're the woman who socked the cop in my court. I've waited three years to congratulate you for that."

He solemnly shook her hand, replaced his hat, and was off at a brisk pace down the street.

WITH all his contempt for police crookedness, the Chief Magistrate probably has more friends on the Force than anyone in town. The reason is simple: He has fought for the elimination of political pull in the Department and he has always taken the part of the ordinary pavement-beater against the district leader. In his famous controversy with Mayor Gaynor, it was from the Force that he got his ammunition.

The old-timers still remember the fireworks of the Gaynor-Corrigan fight. Both were bitterly brilliant in polemics and for a period of years they hurled charges at one another with no quarter given and no quarter asked. It began when Corrigan issued a signed statement to the effect that "never in the palmiest days of Devery and Tammany Hall has the town been so wide open." He blamed the Mayor, maintaining that he had tied the hands of honest policemen and turned over the Department to political control. The fight shifted back and forth. Gaynor tried to have Corrigan removed and failed. There were civic agitations and grand-jury investigations. To an impartial observer it would appear that ultimately Corrigan had the better of the feud. He started the ball rolling which, given fresh momentum by the Curran Aldermanic investigation and the murder of Herman Rosenthal, resulted in the triumph of Fusion and a temporary defeat for Murphy.

During the fantastic reign of Hylan ten years later Corrigan again fulminated against the mismanagement and dishonesty of the Police Department and became engaged in a savage battle with Commissioner Richard Enright. This resulted in a suit for libel against Corrigan and Assemblyman Louis A. Cuvillier. The Magistrate was forced to draw water for the only time in his career. The suit grew out of a telegram from Cuvillier which made reference to "Enright and his grafters." Corrigan made the telegram public. When the trial got under way, Cuvillier and Corrigan made apologies and the action was dropped.

Time wets down indignation. The Chief Magistrate feels now that he may have been, two decades ago, a little harsh with Gaynor. He is inclined to remember him with a certain distinct admiration, and—time does such things—a daughter of the Mayor is now one of the closest friends of the Corrigans.

PERSONAL friendship has never interfered with performance of his duty—and certainly has never influenced a decision in his courts—but it plays an important part in the life of the Chief Magistrate. Chief Justice Kernochan and William "Billy" Greer, Wall Street broker and son of the late Bishop Greer of the Episcopal Church, are perhaps his closest cronies. Kernochan lives at Tuxedo and Corrigan at Point Judith, but their town apartments are only a block apart. Corrigan lives at 32 West Tenth Street and Kernochan at 35 West Ninth.

The rear windows of one place are visible from the rear windows of the other and the two judges have worked out a hospitable signal code. The last one home in the evening from a party looks across for a light. If he sees one, that is an open invitation to call. Often the two men sit and smoke and make good talk until morning.

THE Chief Magistrate hates prohibition, hypocrisy, and all forms of intolerance. He is so tender-hearted that it took him two years to fire a drunken chauffeur. He smokes a maverick brand of denicotinized cigarettes known as Carl Henrys. He plays contract bridge and plays it well enough to make money. In addition to the Calumet and the Racquet and Tennis, his clubs are the Oakland Country and the Point Judith Country. His chief pride is in the intelligence and the horsemanship of his two daughters, aged seven and eleven. Their mother is Faith Robinson Corrigan, who was previously married to Ben Ali Haggin, the artist. The first Mrs. Corrigan died in 1916 while returning home from war work with the Allied forces.

The Chief Magistrate reads three languages and reads omnivorously, even keeping pace with current fiction. His library is as odd a place as a Womrath store. Everything is to be found there, from Anatole France ("Penguin Island" is one of his favorite books), Shaw, and Voltaire, to great tomes on criminal psychology. There are also the latest detective shockers. He reads all the book-review sections each Sunday, chooses the books he wants, and then sends out a list for purchase.

He believes that a good novel is the ultimate achievement, and that playwriting is, on the other hand, merely a craft like carpentering. To prove this theory to his wife he once wrote a play called "Happy," which was privately produced at the Comedy Club. It was not a very good play. Apparently he proved his point. The dialogue was presentable, but the craftsmanship was terrible.

Corrigan has always wanted to write. In that, perhaps, may be found the key to his curiosity about people and their reactions. In his pleasanter daydreams he contemplates doing a book to be called either "Judging New York" or "Presented at Court," but admits, when the joy of contemplation passes, that it probably will never see print.

He is, at fifty-five, having more fun than he has ever had in his life.

—MILTON MACKAYE

THE THEATRE

PRELIMINARY LECTURE

IN taking up the work for the new year, I would like to remind the class that this is not going to be what you boys call a "snap course." We have a great deal of ground to cover, some of it on our hands and knees, and we can have no laggards, no dull-wits. You will all have to pay strict attention and make just the neatest, neatest notes, while I, in my turn, will do my very best to keep awake. And, always remember, there is, as yet, no state law compelling you to take this course if you don't like it.

In this connection, it has been the custom hitherto in this course to interrupt Teacher when there were any questions to be asked or complaints to be registered. From now on Teacher does not want to be interrupted. Teacher gets awfully tired standing on his feet all day over a hot desk, and you may be quite sure that he is doing the very best that he can. He does not pretend to know any more about the course than you do. He is just here to make it easier for you to stay away from the theatre, and to furnish you with names and dates, many of them incorrect. But when he makes a mistake, he knows it a long, long time before you catch it, and, you may rest assured, worries himself into a neurasthenia over it. And, insofar as it is possible, he will correct it.

And if, by any chance, you are tempted to question him concerning his venality or log-rolling, it will be worth your while to count to one hundred first, for it is going to make him increasingly cross and irritable. If he had been venal during the past ten years he wouldn't be working now, and if he had rolled logs, he wouldn't be practically friendless as he now is. So, when anything pops into your mind which you might possibly use to bother Teacher with, remember: "Don't Write—Don't Telegraph!"

AND now we will take a little recess before beginning the hard grind of the term, and all cluster together in the front of the room where Teacher will dictate to you the words to the French version of the "Maine Stein Song" which he heard that loyal Maine alumna Mistinguett sing only a few short weeks ago in Paris. You must remember that the literal translation is printed on the music just below the original words of Mr. Lincoln Colcord, which begin: "Fill the steins to dear old Maine." The title on the cover is "La Petite Femme de Paris. Stein Song. (University of Maine)" and we will now fill the tankards and raise them on high in the following tribute to the grand old university at Orono:

C'est la p'tit' femme de Paris
Qui gracieuse et coquett—e
Met d'l'amour dans tous les esprits
Et fait tourner toutes les têt—es.
Oui, et quand un cœur est pris,
Par la p'tit' femme qui pass—e
De Montmartre à Montparnass—e
C'est un' petit' femm' de Paris.

[Now comes the part beginning "To the trees, to the sky," etc., and try and sing it, you think you know so much French.]

Des minois ravissants, d'jolis teints,
éclatants, des sourires charmants,
Des cheveux merveilleux, tous les yeux
noirs ou bleus ont l'air malicieux.
Tous c'qu'on voit c'est joli, c'est
mignon, c'est gentil, les yeux sont
ravis.
Ce qu'elle a de meilleur, mais que l'on
ne voit pas, c'est son cœur!
Oui! ["Boom" in English.]

[Repeat chorus, with bared heads.]

I want every one in the class to have this learned before the next meeting of the course, for we are going to open the lecture with it and may do nothing else during the entire hour but sing it. And you don't want to be the only one who doesn't know it, do you?

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

ARMY POLO

THE Sam Browne belts. The chiffon dresses. The marquee which might be as cool as everyone pretends, if the thermometer registered below ninety. The captain's wife who is awfully clever about clothes, considering that she has no money. The major's wife who has given up being clever about clothes and gone frankly dowdy. The colonel, very austere, and tailored to the point of suffocation. The colonel's wife whose graciousness is exquisitely condescending. The horsey gentleman who is not in the army but knows good riding when he sees it. The lady whose husband has a handicap of four. Her assertion that she has seen him play so often it almost bores her. The post band which marches gloomily, playing one of those tunes bands always play.

The two teams which parade, very sinewy and sunburned. The mild, unreasonable thrill you always feel at the combination of music and riders mounted on the better type of horses. The gong. The whistle. The thud of hoofs. The crack of mallets. The horsey gentleman full of profane advice to the players. The referees who seem busy and conscientious but awfully in the way.

The penalty, and the explanation that it is for dangerous riding, which strikes you as a trifle academic. The signallers dodging anxiously behind the goalposts. The thundering rush down the field and the startled consciousness that you are uttering low, strangled cries unbecoming a lady. The flag-wagging. The cheering. The ear-piercing shriek from the lady who said polo bored her. The depressing discovery that although the home team has scored, the visitors, owing to the handicap, are still two points ahead.

THE second chukker and your applause, which is practically a solo. The chilling information that the teams have changed goals and that point was made by the visitors. The lady who says that this is the best game she has seen since she was in Panama. The lady with a tendency to explain how they did it in the Philippines. The third chukker. The fourth chukker. The reflection that this is the sport of kings and very impressive but eight chukkers are a good many. The referees, who are beginning to look a trifle apoplectic. The score, four to seven, and the colonel's perfect tact in assur-

That INDESCRIBABLE SOMETHING

•

POISE . . . personality . . . lithe loveliness . . . from out their deft and delicate blending comes beauty. And how inadequate are words to picture it in staid and stolid paragraphs!

Nor can we portray a tantalizing taste or describe elusive flavor with these same unwieldy words.

And since upon the printed page we cannot recreate deliciousness, we can neither translate nor tell the thrilling goodness of Schrafft's candies.

We can only tell you that it is there—a vivid, fascinating goodness, a flavor delightful—a delicious, incomparable, *indescribable something.*

SCHRAFFT'S *selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package—at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.*

SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION • *New York and Boston* • OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

Poeme Arabe is "le parfum pour le sport". Not a languid or seductive scent, but clearly an outdoor odour...a refreshing, light bouquet. It appeals naturally to the woman whose interests are not bounded by four walls...to the woman with a flair for blending sports and fashion charmingly. In four convenient sizes from $4 to $50. Face and dusting powder of the same delightful fragrance, $3.50; also Eau de Toilette, $5.

Sold at the better shops

PARFUMS LIONCEAU

PARIS Incorporated NEW YORK

Clichy, (Seine et Oise) 565 Fifth Avenue

ing guests that it is always hard to play on an unfamiliar field.

The fifth chukker and the sudden tendency of the visitors to score with a frequency that is astounding. The horsey gentleman who protests bitterly that riding a man off the ball is all right but there is no need to confuse it with homicide. The time out for the man who loses a stirrup. The time out for the man who breaks his bridle and starts for foreign parts at a brisk gallop. The rush down the field. The crash. The tumble that may be fatal. The medical officer whose speed is severely hampered by weight and tight puttees. The reflection that by the time he gets there the patient will be either dead or mending. The sigh of mingled relief and regret when the fallen hero rises and remounts, apparently uninjured.

The announcement that the score is nine to seven in favor of the visitors.

THE sinking hopes. The play that is not what it has been. The four-handicap man who at least justifies his reputation by doing a Ghent-to-Aix ride down the field, cleverly taking the ball with him. The muffled groan as it is snatched from him, practically at the goal-posts. The feeling that he might have done a little better. The reflection that any man who can stay on a horse at all in this weather without getting sunstroke deserves a certain amount of credit. The gong. The clapping. The polite murmur that it was a splendid game and they all played splendidly. The colonel's wife issuing invitations to tea and assuring everybody that this heat almost reminds her of the Philippines.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

The only thing your scribe has any fault to find with the people around Pleasant Home is they don't send or phone in any news to your scribe. Now please send me in news—tell me when you go away and where you go and when you have something gone on at the church. —*Keener's Run correspondent in the Ashland (O.) Times Gazette.*

Nothing much gone on here.

•

Fred Call, a national forest fire guard, recently saved a giant tree by crawling into the hollow part, which was aflame, and cutting away the burning wood. First he chopped the tree down.—*Fort Worth (Tex.) Press.*

That's thinking fast.

Yeast brings real *gain in Vigor...*

FINDS PARIS MEDICAL LEADER

Dr. Louis Dartigues says, *"Clean Intestines key to Vitality"*

THIS message from a former president of the Society of Medicine of Paris is addressed to everyone who wants better health without "dosing."

Dr. Dartigues is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and head of the great Franco-Ibero-American Medical Union. He declares:

"The foundations of health and vigor lie in a clean intestinal condition. Yet cathartics should not be often used.

"An active yet harmless product is required," he explains. "Such a product is yeast . . . Yeast keeps intestines clean and maintains vitality."

Banish all-day fatigue . . . build up new reserves of health with this remarkable food that thousands eat every day!

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, you know, strengthens "tired" intestines . . . purifies and invigorates your whole system!

Simply eat 3 cakes a day. You can get it at grocers', soda fountains and restaurants and directions are on the label.

Scientists explain Yeast's Action:

DR. CITRON, Berlin metabolism expert, explains: "Yeast purifies the intestines, increases energy."

DR. PAUL GASTOU, of the famous St. Louis Hospital, Paris, says: "Yeast has a cleansing action in the intestines."

HOFRAT PROF. DR. ADOLF CLUSS, Vienna nutrition authority, declares: "Yeast stimulates assimilation . . . builds up health and strength."

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"My doctor urged Fleischmann's Yeast"

"My doctor said my system was sluggish and suggested Fleischmann's Yeast," *writes* MISS LORAINE ADAMS of *Los Angeles*. "I ate it, and soon felt and looked much better."

(*Left*) "Skin eruptions and headaches took all the pleasure out of life," *writes* A. M. COOKE, *Chicago*. "I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In a short time my elimination became normal and my headaches and pimples disappeared."

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

WISTERIA

I HAD meant to reserve this space today for a nice, judgmatical review of Owen Wister's "Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship." But there is that about the flavor of this innocent exhibition of hero-worship and snobbery which induces a malaise in me and unfits me for dispassionate comment on this portrait of one Harvard man by another. Mr. Wister is the deep-dyed product of feudal Philadelphia. And seemingly when the blue blood of Germantown is blended with the Harvard crimson, the result gives one a really oppressive sense of having been born in the deep purple. Any public manifestation of that sense provokes in members of the rabble an urchin impulse to shy a few such stones as this one.

You see—unjustly, I am afraid, perhaps even perversely—I keep thinking of this fond tome as a sequel to "Philosophy 4," a Harvard short story which Mr. Wister published nigh on to thirty years ago. "Have just been reading 'Philosophy 4,'" Roosevelt wrote him in 1916. "*You* may think it a skit. *I* regard it as containing a deep and subtle moral." Now that story had seemed to me about as subtle as a kick in the face. Indeed, it seemed to me when I first read it (and it still seems to me) one of the most smugly offensive bits of callow, unconscious Bourbonism I ever encountered.

"Philosophy 4," as you may recall, is the story of an ant and two grasshoppers, in which the grasshoppers triumph gloriously. They are two rosy, handsome, elegant Sophomores, scions of the Colonial aristocracy. Having improvidently cut all the philosophy lectures, they realize on the eve of examinations that they must hire a greasy grind to tutor them from his faithfully taken notes. And then, to Mr. Wister's undisguised delight, they pass with higher marks than he does. Oscar, the grind, is the butt of the story, a pale, cautious, bespectacled son of Jewish immigrants, who is painfully working his way through college, struggling for every penny and developing in the process such shifty, calculating eyes that Mr. Wister really cannot abide him. You feel the fellow would never have made the first ten of the Dickey.

On the other hand, Bertie's and Billy's parents owned town and country houses in New York and were named Schuyler and things like that. Money filled the pockets of Bertie and Billy. "Therefore," says the stupefying Wister, "were their heads empty of money and full of less cramping thoughts." Bless the man, that sentence is sound Shavian doctrine. But a little later the story says: "Oscar felt meritorious when he considered Bertie and Billy; for, *like the socialists*, merit with him meant not being able to live as well as your neighbor." Indeed, there is a Let-them-eat-cake tone to the entire context which suggests that, after all, it will be some little time before we can hope to hail the author as Comrade Wister. To be sure, a little later in the narrative there seems to stir, even under the fine linen of the author's bosom, a faint sense of the story's mean and contemptuous insolence. He hastily makes the usual and familiar disavowal. It seems that some of his best friends at Harvard were poor students. For one willing publicly to make so handsome an admission, Comrade Wister is scarcely adequate as a salutation. Let us call him Greatheart and be done with it.

NOW even so leisurely a commentator as your correspondent, who usually discovers a book about a year after it has gone out of print, would scarcely be thrown into a pet over this 1903 yarn of Owen Wister's today if its tone were not continued right on into this monograph on Roosevelt. After all, "Philosophy 4" is a story about three Harvard Sophomores by a fourth—the fourth having remained a Harvard Sophomore for twenty years after graduation. It is interesting, therefore, chiefly as a phenomenon of arrested development. There may be some, to be sure, who might feel that Mr. Wister never does gain perspective with the recession of an event into the past, that his chapters on the war in this book, for instance, might have been written in 1918 for all the clarification of focus and readjustment of values acquired in the interim. It is then his fault, perhaps, if one gets a troubled impression that Roosevelt himself, during the war, knew no more what it was all about than the least of us did—that, indeed, the thwarted Colonel's attitude throughout was indistinguishable from that of the spinster who was having the time of her no longer young life dispensing sweet chocolate and arch smiles at Yaphank.

But it would be quite unwarranted for me to pretend that it is either the scantiness or the obtuseness of Mr. Wister's opus on Roosevelt which chiefly afflicts me. I am not even much disturbed by the hushed tones of the narrative, although toward his hero Mr. Wister did seemingly preserve, to the last, the manner of an awe-struck schoolgirl in the presence of her matinée idol. No, what irritates me almost to the point of intemperate statement, and even incivility, are the book's little patches of the aforesaid deep purple. They begin at the beginning when young Theodore Roosevelt, Harvard '80, is boxing in the gymnasium at Cambridge before a gallery full of Saltonstalls and pretty girls with nice furs. But the master patch of all—a tiny one, but how purple, how purple!—is that line at the end when the autumn of 1918 came to Sagamore Hill. The elder Roosevelts were watching the war from that manorial shelter. Poor Quentin lay dead in a French meadow. And the others? Mr. Wister accounts for them in the perfect Tory sentence of our time, a phrase that is an amalgamation of Harvard and Philadelphia combining the worst features of both. "Theodore, Kermit, and Archie," he says, "were with their soldiers."

THEIR soldiers, forsooth! Well, well, one can only hope that these liegemen, when they were demobilized, found snug berths at Sagamore Hill, that they always tipped their caps respectfully as Mr. Wister drove through the lodge gates, and that one and all they married worthy, apple-cheeked lasses who could be counted on, if only for Mr. Wister's sake, to bob curtsies in the lane when Theodore, Kermit, and Archie came riding by in their fine carriages.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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THE DADA CITY–II

IN THE SHUTTLE

ALL too soon the journey ended and (the young man whose eyes clicking ratchetlike: as with a surprising unanimity (every one: the girl with the pink hat the little man in the corner the gray the smugly the fawn-colored topcoat the stout lady discontentedly the stout man) you would have seen every one arising crowding to (the doors rubberly sliding, to) the platform and) the car swept suddenly bare: only Luden's Scott's Emulsion Cocomalt Kaffee Hag WHO smiling their bright imperative smile. The girl with the pink hat, her legs vanish deliciously up the EXIT TO MADISON AVE; all the others briskly (as if on the deck of an ocean liner (the long planked walk the iron handrail the stiff steel stanchions, and their volleying footsteps briskly) marching) to East Side Subway QUEENS. Thinly, through the clamor (reëchoing) winking pinkly over everybody's head, the long-drawn syllables:

Follow the red line
Who'll follow, follow?
Who'll follow the red line?

A cry age-old in its lilting cadences but the man with the clicking eyes raspingly on the platform: "I am organizing a revolution;" the crowd hurrying. No voices: only the stertorous breathing (deep, distantly) of the tunnel, the feet trampling, the street-rumblings dropping like black stalactites from the roof, and (voicelessly, always) twinklingly:

Smoking is prohibited,
Spitting is unlawful.
Warning: do not lean
Over edge of platform.

A stout man a stout discontented lady entered the car, and a girl in a pink hat, smugly a man in a fawn-colored topcoat; a little man scurried for the seat in the corner. Suddenly (like an apparition: in the doorway (and the doors rubberly closing) his eyes brassy) the young man gesticulating. "Does this train go to Seventy-second Street?" The man leaning against the enamelled rail inside the door shook his head. "Does it go downtown?" The man leaning against the enamelled rail inside the door shook his head. Baffled, the young man (staring) ceased his efforts to enter the car. The train drew out. Someone laughed. The man leaning against the enamelled rail permitted himself a wise quiet smile but (still staring out the window at the flickering darkness) did not turn around. It had been the girl in the pink hat who had laughed. A feeling of warmth and intimacy spread throughout the car. The gentlemen smiled and gazed with less circumspection at her (delicious) legs. The journey ended all too soon.

"I AM organizing a revolution!"

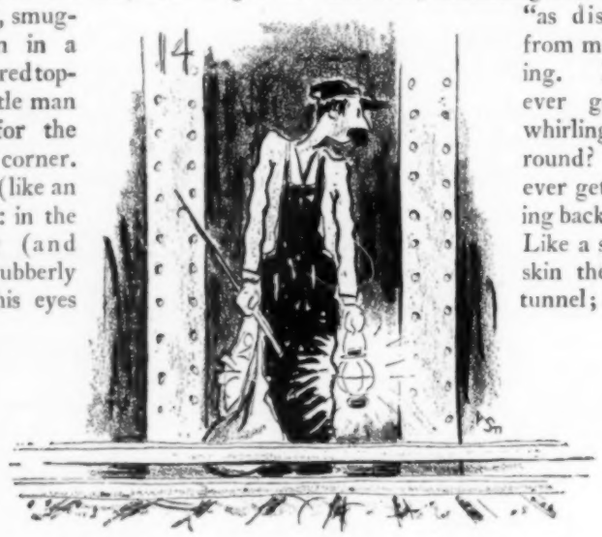
It was May Day; it was Fair Day, and all the Morris dancers skipping down the green line: pizzicato over the (voiceless) hurrying, brightly:

"Next train"—
Arrow to the left.
"Next train"—
Arrow to the right.
"Watch your step
Getting on and off trains."

"I am organizing a revolution!"

The stout the (discontentedly) smugly the fawn-colored topcoat and the little man the girl in the pink hat, all startled, looking up from their morning *News*; and he, his eyes buzzing, his bared teeth, his stabbing forefinger: he rising, addressing them. It was the first time a voice had been heard in years.

"I am organizing a revolution," and then, continuing more didactically: "as distinguished from merely revolving. Don't you ever get tired of whirling round and round? Don't you ever get tired of going back and forth?" Like a sausage in its skin the car in the tunnel; adjusting his



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stethoscope to his ears the young man went down the aisle, auscultating each quivering breast in turn. At the end of the line he turned and faced them. "There is no cause for alarm," he said, forcing a smile. "Not a single heartbeat among you."

He said: "I am going to tell you a story. I had a friend who went round and round, who went back and forth. A charming chap: you would have liked him if you had seen him making his way here and there, Times Square to Grand Central, back and forth through the city—making his way in the financial world, too. But something went wrong inside him—here:" dramatically placing his hand on his heart. "He got the idea he was being followed—more, that it was himself who was following him! Soon, the pace grew too much for him.

"Finally, he got to the point where he was writing letters to himself—'poison-pen' missives, letters filled with the direst secrets, secrets which he had believed no one but himself could know. From here to blackmail was but a step; the end came rapidly. One morning (and by an ironic coincidence it was the morning on which he was to marry the president's daughter and be inducted into the firm) he received a letter, demanding that a certain sum of money be delivered at a designated spot, or the most damaging disclosures would be made. The sum demanded was far more than he possessed."

He paused. By now the stout lady was sniffling, the stout man wiping his spectacles, the girl in the pink hat openly in tears. The train was drawing into Times Square (or was it Grand Central?) station. "That was the end," the young man inexorably. "Packing a few belongings, leaving a hasty note, he vanished, his life forever blasted!" But the train (the doors, rubberly) halting: everyone arising, crowding; and he: "An old tradition has it that his ghost still rides, back and forth, in the shuttle train. Ladies and gentlemen, I am—" But drowning; the journey had ended all too soon.

I SAW him last on the platform, but (above the, hurrying) winking:

. . . follow, follow?
Who'll follow the red line?

He (clutching, and an old man: he) was saying: "I have a friend who is insane, and his delusion is that he is insane. What would you advise, sir?" But the old man, embarrassedly.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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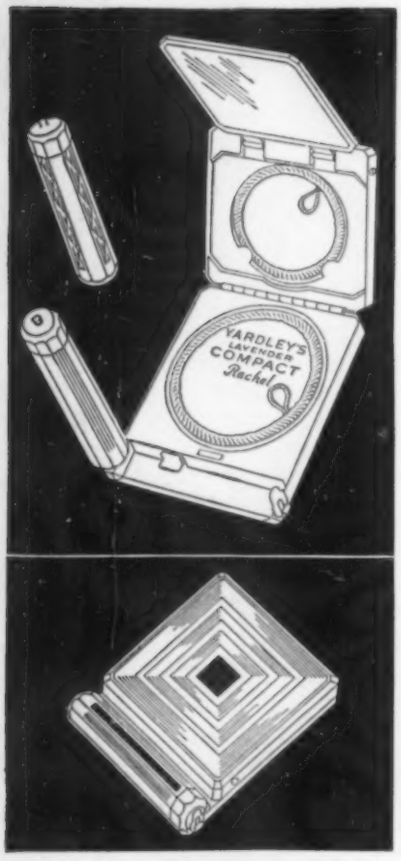
Two Lipsticks

WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT



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ENGLISH LAVENDER

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, AUG. 20

SINCE the memory of the public is notoriously short, some of us were more than a little afraid that Miss Amy Johnson would come flying home again to deserted London streets. The epic which moved us a few months ago had staled into a mere newspaper stunt. We need not have worried. The good old British public became hysterical at all the appointed spots and Miss Johnson came marching home again through Trafalgar Square in the New York manner, on the back of a car.

She is an earnest young woman. At an immense luncheon organized by the *Daily Mail*, at which nobody over thirty-five was present, she sat upon a kind of throne, and her speech, seasoned with the correct humility, was almost didactic. She lectured her contemporaries on the moral of a Dutch plane which left her own twenty-seater Imperial Airways machine "standing absolutely cold." For while Miss Johnson has been away she has discovered her mission, which is to serve as a tutor for British aviation.

Her classroom is already devoted to her. A rash newspaper that said she looked like any City typist has since issued a graceful apology—to "both ladies."

OXFORD, accustomed to eccentricity, must have had more than enough during the Esperanto Conference. For days strange figures thronged the streets—people with bare knees and their hair *en brosse*, maidens in sabots and maidens with great green bows in their hair, and laced corsets outside their clothes, ladies in yashmaks; black men, yellow men, Esquimaux, Breton peasants in baggy blue trousers. You never saw such a collection.

Yet the thing was impressive; all these people could understand one another. In fact they made a parade of understanding one another, letting themselves be seen in triumphant and gesticulating conversation, laughing loudly at their own little jokes. I came upon a group of noisy foreigners in a restaurant, wearing the green badges of their faith. It was hard to make out their nationality. Finally four of the five left, vociferously. The fifth explained to the waitress: "The man who sat over there came from Reykjavik, in Iceland, yesterday. The other three were Scotch."

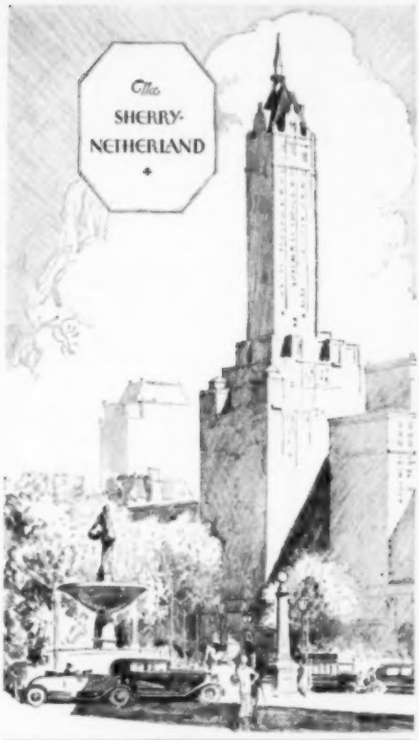
Oxford rose most nobly to this occasion. The confectioners produced Esperanto chocolates and Esperanto cakes. The chemist in the Cornmarket had a list of his "medikamentoj" in the window. Four policemen, and fifteen waitresses at various cafés in the town, were found to have mastered the language. They had been studying it for months. There even was an Esperanto talkie at the George Street Cinema; and at the theatre "Charley's Aunt," in Esperanto, with a Pole in the title rôle, played to packed houses.

MOST of the clerks and office girls of London have gone to the country for their vacations, where they are living in acute discomfort in tents and caravans. An attack of wanderlust is peopling the countryside with strangely respectable nature-lovers.

This is something new. The whole of Devonshire, which not more than two years ago was so distant and so solitary, is scarred with encampments. The wail of gramophones and the reek of overcooked bacon are borne upon the air. There is a little place in Devon called Beer. Two years ago it was a fishing village with a tumbled street that terminated in a windlass, and the sea. Today it is a straggling town of huts, shanties, and camps. It has a promenade, filling stations, and a car park for thirty-five hundred motors.

Meanwhile the managers of hotels along the coast are wringing their hands in the great open spaces of their deserted lounges. Where are the people who used to stay in these places? It is something of a problem. Not camping, certainly. One can only suppose they have gone abroad, or else that they are living behind drawn curtains in their town houses like the lesser Victorians, who were ashamed not to be away in August.

—A. G.



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POLO

Ponies at Quarantine —Two Californians— Mr. Guest Plays Back

THERE is more of the traditional atmosphere of polo, a great deal more, to the arrival of a visiting pony string than there is to the arrival of the visiting players themselves. The men with the horses, though they are seldom active players on the squad, never seem to be very far away from green turf and the smell of horse liniment, even while they are being patient with the customs men on the pier.

The players themselves might be almost any sort of a team. As they came up the bay on the Aquitania, the British team might have been a well-dressed group of tennis-players, or even still another cast for a revival of "Journey's End." They were interested in the sky line, answered the ship-news reporters politely, and clambered to the boat deck to pose for pictures—the routine of all prominent arrivals.

THERE hadn't been any of this a few days before, when the Minnewaska pulled down the Quarantine flag and headed for its dock. The ship-news cutter paid only a perfunctory call, for slow boats that have achieved a reputation mainly for handling livestock don't provide much copy.

Captain Maurice Kingscote, who had spent a year collecting and training the British string, had only a few welcomers to bother him. Dressed in tweeds, whose trousers stopped well above his ankles, a battered felt hat on the back of his head, he hadn't much time for Chrysler Towers and Woolworth Buildings. Every now and then waspish little men wearing riding leggings came up to him for instructions. He didn't stay above deck long. He soon led the way down an iron ladder to the hold. Here, instead of packing-boxes and bales, was a stable: stretching as far as the eye could see, fore and aft, two rows of box stalls. The ammonia odor seemed oddly out of place aboard ship.

The horses knew the tall, drawling army officer. They stuck out noses to be fondled and seemed to straighten up a bit selfconsciously as he talked about them. They were, of course,

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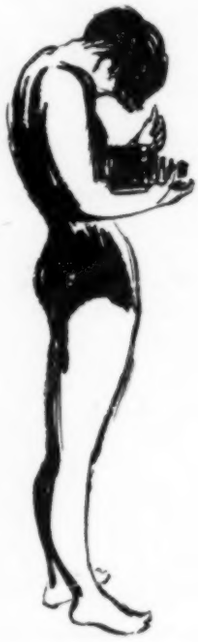
the most important personalities aboard. After docking, their importance continued. The ordinary above-deck passengers were soon cleared and out of the way. Then brisk men in mufti, the veterinaries, clambered down among the stalls, to be regarded with suspicion by the whispering group of grooms.

All cleared, the grooms began leading the horses, one by one, down the gangplank. Great vans stood at the pier-head. As each was loaded, one or two grooms would climb aboard and they'd start for Westbury. New York wasn't very important to them. It was merely a stop on the way to Meadow Brook.

EVEN before the British had arrived, the Americans settled on what apparently is to be their team, and upset the predictions of the experts by including Eric Pedley. Elmer Boeseke was regarded by many of his fellow-Californians, and by a good many Eastern observers, as steadier and, in the long run, more valuable. Pedley, however, dropped very neatly into the slot prepared for him at No. 1. As constituted now, the American team consists of three who play like No. 2 men and one No. 1. The defence, paradoxically enough, is the attack. Earl Hopping at No. 2, Hitchcock at No. 3, and Winston Guest at back, all slug with tremendous power and, as practice continues, with increasing accuracy. It falls to the lot of the No. 1 to be there when the final shot pops through into scoring territory—to be there, and to score the goals. Pedley has been doing this with dispatch.



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FELTMANS
Coney Island

Boeseke had his chance up forward before those in the rear began to develop their present effectiveness. Then he was shifted over to the Reds, Pedley was put up forward, and things suddenly began to click. No one can blame Hitchcock for not breaking up a machine that unquestionably seems to be hitting on all the necessary cylinders.

THIS tentative lineup has another surprise in it. When the season opened, it was generally supposed that Winston Guest would not again try at back after his failure there in the Open last season. It was not much of a secret that he preferred playing No. 2, and even less of a secret that he often continued to play an old-fashioned No. 2 when lining up at back. However, following his drop in handicap, he settled down and has been playing well. He is so fine a back now that there are those who believe that he will in time, if he sticks at it, become the greatest of all men who ever played that position, greater even than Devereux Milburn.

ODDS AND ENDS: The Defence Committee, together for the first time, posing for their photograph at Sands Point. . . . Cheever Cowdin playing his farewell games, which included a first-rate performance against the American team at Sands Point. . . . Hal Phipps, in white jodhpurs, appearing against the Australians at Phipps Field. . . . The three Firestone brothers emulating the Australians, and successfully, in the Inter-Circuit, aided by Cyril Harrison. . . . Jack Nelson looking over the ponies at Sands Point. . . . Wesley White taking a holiday by watching the Australians at Phipps Field while Jimmie Mills handled the whistle. . . . Louis Stoddard, freed of committee worries, watching along the sideboards. . . . Pony numbers appearing on saddlecloths. —MARTINGALE

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From a program of the Haarlem Philharmonic Society of the City of New York*]

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SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, AUG. 20

IT is getting so a girl doesn't know where she's at. A view of some thirty-five Paris collections leaves you completely up in the air as to what kind of clothes you can wear this winter. Of course, lots of models are going to be late, so you may have time to make up your mind. The day the six hundred Patou midinettes spent parading the Boulevards on strike (a gay sight, too!) and some disturbances in a few other ateliers probably were just enough to delay New York deliveries by a boat train or two. Just the same, late or no, it is going to be pretty difficult to get anyone to do a madmwazelle-you-are-sso-beeyoooteeful unless you can afford to lay out a fortune in silver foxes and rubies.

Incidentally, I'd like to give you some details about the Patou things, and I shall some day when I get a good look at them. On the opening night, I could only catch glimpses, between the heads and shoulders of those at the tables in front of my corner, of some three-cornered ermine capes tied on the shoulders, some muffs trimmed with fur bows and held up toward the chin, some feather-trimmed hats (one had ostrich trailing down over the shoulder), and some lamé linings.

HOWEVER, everything is not as discouraging as that. Molyneux has changed his style completely—as I said in my cable the week before last—and you'll love him for it. Good as they were in their day, his tight hipline and ferociously tailored lines are gone. There is certainly something more youthful and—must I say it?—feminine about the way he has simplified the lines of the *Époque Révolution*, with a slight fullness falling from a waistline that is ever so little higher than it used to be.

It'll take you a while to get used to the new Molyneux—to his evening skirts made of three *volants*; to the two lengths of evening clothes—one long and the other just above the ankle; to just a hint of fancifulness here and there—but he is the least obnoxious of any in his fancifulness. His fur collars are immense, but they are of beaver, nutria, dark brown caracul and fox, black breitschwanz and seal. He uses lots of black, lots of dark brown, and practically no beige or dark blue.

There is absolutely nothing wrong with his coats. There are four that are just about perfect, all of them in dark brown or black, and made of a fine pebbly wool that is really warm in spite of its extremely light weight. The coats are all hung straight, but ample enough to wrap around you in front. One has a sewed-together sleeve in the same *volant* formation as the evening skirts, and a big brown-dyed fox collar. One has deep flat cuffs of black shaved lamb and a yoke of the fur that covers the back to the waist and comes over the shoulders in front; the fur collar is caught in at the waist and hangs in a short tab below. Another has a jacket-top effect at the front that is lined with fur, and a deep shawl collar of fur. All are fairly long and very slender-looking. [Look for these at Jay-Thorpe.]

Of his two wedding dresses I liked best the young-looking one, definitely Empire, of white satin—high waist, straight gathered skirt, little puff sleeves, short veil, and a little round bouquet of gardenias. [Altman will have it.]

SCHIAPARELLI's opening show was jammed. The mannequins had to pick their way over the feet of buyers tucked into every available bench and corner. Which is one way of proving that even in this day, when the net of feather boas and lace collars is closing in around us, a specialist in sports clothes is still appreciated.

There is no way of identifying Schiaparelli with the Empire or the Egyptian period, or with anything but the *genus Schiaparelli*. Her clothes are always young and fresh, and—though you may not want to rush home and manufacture thousands of copies of every dress—they are always interesting.

I've never caught Madame Schiaparelli herself in anything but black and white, except once when she indulged herself to the extent of a pale pink collar and cuffs. Perhaps that is why her black-and-whites are usually her best. You'll like her outfit 764, made for the very young—a beltless black marocain dress that fastens over each hip with three buttons, and has a high neckline marked with two little points of a white grosgrain collar at the front only. The

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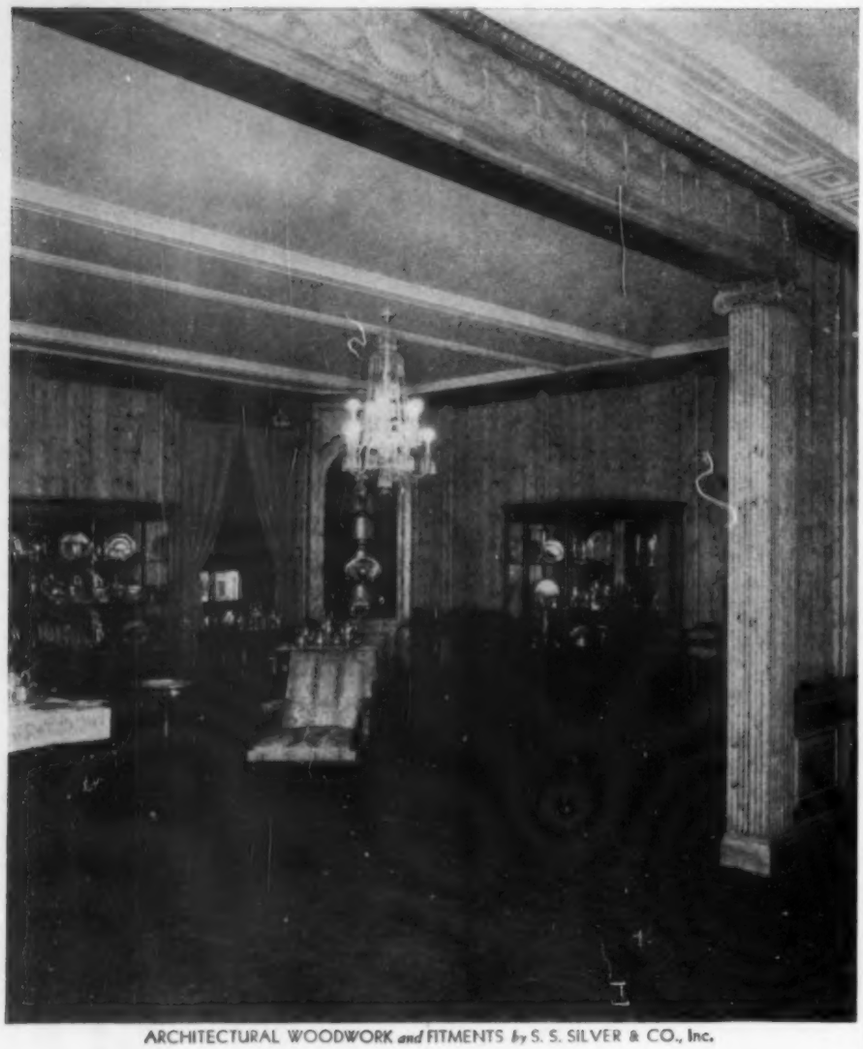

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reefer-cloth coat worn over this has a bit of blue mixed in with its black and white threads, a double-breasted redingote fastening, and notched revers of black astrakhan. [Look for this at Macy.]

You'll like, too, the way her skirts are finished at the waistline, with scalloped, irregular tops or slashes below the belt-line that hang on the torso in a way to make your figure look very, very young. Also, unless you weigh less than ninety-odd pounds, you'll be mad about the way her blouses (including the washable chamois ones) have little tabs and aprons hanging over the front of your skirt.

NOW I'm going to pieces over Madame J. S. Talbot, who, I firmly believe, has more to do with originating fashions than anyone gives her credit for. If anything good comes out of this Empire inoculation, Suzanne Talbot will find it; she's had it on the tips of her fingers for a good many seasons.

It is strange that Talbot, who in most series of openings is the runaway child, seems strangely sober just at the time when her own *chefs-d'œuvre* are being taken up by everybody else. There is certainly nothing screaming about her *succès fou* evening dress 206, of black chiffon, and its duplicate, 201 [to be at Altman], in lame. They are two-tiered affairs, floor-length, with little bias ruffles that hang from the shoulder straps over the tips of the shoulders. Her 204 [Lord & Taylor] is a perfectly serious black chiffon dress, all little accordion pleats hanging to the floor—stunning, of course.

HERE I've used all this space without giving myself time for Jane Régny and her handsome new plaid-lined coats. They are specially woven fabrics, some of them reversible, like grammar-school reefers. There is nothing impractical about Régny's clothes. Perhaps that is why they're so hard to write about—and so easy to wear. She shows a lot of new blouses with her suits—shoulder-yoke shirts made of heavy silk serge crêpes. Look for the one that has a zigzag yoke, with front and back box-pleats and a little inch-high collar. [At Macy.] —B. M.

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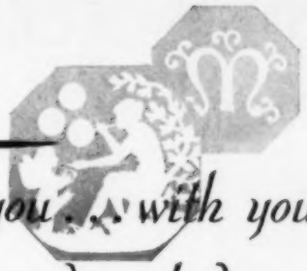

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THE RACE TRACK

Jamestown Again—The Exasperating Curate — Whichone and Gallant Fox — Claimed

"THAT Jimtown horse," said my friend Big Boy, the clocker, "is just the fastest trick around here. You know what I done twice? I timed him a quarter of a mile in twenty-two seconds. Twenty-two seconds! Think of that now. What horse around here can do that?"

After Jamestown's brilliant victory in the Saratoga Special, it was agreed that he only had to win with weight up to establish himself as our best two-year-old. He did that in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, carrying a hundred and thirty pounds, and giving twelve pounds and a beating to Novelist. Now he will run for the Hopeful Stakes this weekend and I believe George Widener's colt will make a clean sweep of his five stake engagements at Saratoga—a feat unequalled in racing annals—if he meets no mishap in training. Incidentally, before the running of the Grand Union I noted that Jamestown's left front heel was heavily taped, but I understand this was only a precautionary measure.

However, Jack Joyner, his trainer, was more nervous than I ever have seen him before a race. Jamestown is a colt who wins in the first quarter of a mile, so we were surprised to see Novelist throwing down the gauntlet all the way. Jamestown swerved slightly when McAtee drew his whip in the stretch, and changed his stride, but running gamely on pegged back his gray challenger.

CURATE is a colt of whom something always has been expected, but a good deal has always had to be left to the imagination. Mr. Vosburgh, the handicapper, once said he was the most likely three-year-old prospect—this in a year that later boasted Blue Larkspur and Jack High. On four occasions this season people have gazed at him with feelings of positive exasperation. The most recent time was after the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, in which he was second again. He had been a 1-to-3 favorite at Saratoga on a Saturday, and that tells its own tale.

You see Joe Widener had arrived from abroad, and Mr. Sponge had carried his silks to victory in the previous race, and we all thought it would be a Widener afternoon. William Woodward's Frisius, however, led Curate a merry chase from the rise of the barrier to the winning post, and I think Curate lost heart in the stretch. Some people probably will tell us that the horse was born under an unlucky star and so long as he remains in training his backers are going to continue to be quite unfortunate.

MUCH is still being made of the defeat of Gallant Fox in the Travers Stakes, but I am inclined to take the view that the Fox's failure makes the three-year-old form no more complex. He will run for the Saratoga Cup this weekend—if the track is fast—and I daresay the effort will be little more than a walkover.

I think Harry Payne Whitney's most sporting gesture was sending Whichone to the post in The Travers. Healey, his trainer, asked permission to withdraw Whichone because of the muddy track, pointing out that the colt might break down. "All these people have come to see Whichone run against Gallant Fox," said Whitney. "Run him."

SARATOGA never has been a lucky meeting for Harry Sinclair's horses since the days of Kai-Sang and Zev, but Ladana managed to pick up one purse, the Adirondack Handicap.

Still, I do not believe her success compensated for the loss of Opponent. The son of Kai-Sang disappointed several times and was dropped into a claiming race. Bob Odom saw possibilities in the colt so he put six thousand dollars into the claiming box and led him away. Since then we have seen Opponent beat a field of three good things and a dozen 20-to-1 shots. I'm told twenty-five thousand wouldn't buy him now. —AUDAX MINOR

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MONSIEUR JOURJON

FROM my first encounter with Monsieur Jourjon I learned that the old man was a stickler for form. It was two weeks after I had taken up residence next to him in the French village that a prominent citizen died and it became the duty of everyone to attend his funeral. Monsieur Jourjon informed me, formally, that I must go. A few hours before this event was scheduled to be held in the presence of the patron Saint Sebastian (one of whose tin arrows fell out from excitement), I was informed that Monsieur Jourjon would be unable to attend. His only coat, at the tailor's for repairs, was in a state of complete derangement, and could not be used. Monsieur Jourjon, under no circumstances, could go to the funeral without a coat.

Rather hesitantly, not knowing how the offer would be received, I went next door with an extra coat of my own for Monsieur Jourjon to wear. That gentleman's household thanked me gravely, but said that no use could be made of it. Monsieur Jourjon, having no coat for the occasion, had already left town for the day. That was his idea of the proper thing to do.

MONSIEUR JOURJON, I found out, had much the same severe method of behavior toward other things, such as France's foreign relations. He was a close student of them, especially in regard to America. His views shifted readily with events and he always regarded me, the only American he knew, as the person upon whom to reflect them, holding me strictly responsible for everything the United States did. During the London Naval Conference, for instance, after weighing the problem for a week while he sat outside his house and read his journal, he decided that America's intentions toward France's sea power were not altogether what they should be, and all during the rest of the Conference he treated me very coolly, as if

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I, personally, were trying to do harm to his country.

It was only when he saw my name on the list as contributing ten francs for the repair of Saint Sebastian—in order that the Saint's tin arrows would not fall out at the slightest sign of church activity—that Monsieur Jourjon became cordial again. He beamed and stopped me for an amicable chat every time I went by, telling me what a fine and friendly nation the United States was.

THIS approval kept up for some time. Then he read in his journal how the American tennis player, Allison, had beaten his beloved Cochet. Firmly Monsieur Jourjon believed that there was trickery somewhere and became cool again. He reasoned that it might have been all right, though somewhat strange, if the great *joueur*, Tilden, had beaten Cochet. But as for Allison, he had never even heard of him. No longer would he stop me for a chat and his greeting was reluctant and distant.

A few days later he read of the tremendous number of francs the American tourists were spending in France and suddenly opened up again. Once more he thought that America was a fine country indeed. I believed that everything was all right and our relations would remain very friendly.

By that time, of course, the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill had been passed. Frank opinion of the effects of this had trickled into Monsieur Jourjon's journal for weeks. It was too much. A week ago, as I passed Monsieur Jourjon outside his door and called good-day, I was met with stony silence. He only looked at me, as if to say America is, in his final opinion, not a good country at all, and turned back to his paper.

Since then he has not spoken to me. I have contributed ten more francs toward the repair of Saint Sebastian, but even this has made no difference. I am sure, in his curious way of thinking, he believes I obtained the ten francs from the additional duty on French goods exported to the United States. Diplomatic relations have been severed violently and it doesn't look as if they will be established again.

—THEODORE PRATT

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THE TENNIS COURTS

Ladies at Forest Hills —A Bit Wild—Betty Nuthall, Champion

THE suspicion persists that the Women's National Singles Championships of the United States, held last week at Forest Hills, will never be played as a separate tournament again. In the All-England championships at Wimbledon, and the French championships at Roland Garros, the women's events are conducted simultaneously with the men's; in this country we have always run them off at a different time. It is a more satisfactory procedure, but it is also one involving much extra expense, as well as effort, for the organizers. So the chances are that from 1931 on the women's event will be merged with the men's.

It will be unfortunate if this happens. We do not possess the feminine tennis talent that one sees about the green turf at Wimbledon or upon the red courts at Roland Garros; we seldom have such stars as Señorita Lili de Alvarez, Miss Esther Heine, Fräulein Cillie Aussem, or Madame René Mathieu to add to the attractiveness of our big women's events, and the standard of play of the American women is on the whole so low (I except Mrs. Moody, of course) that most of their matches would seem flat and tedious following a fast contest between two of the best men.

LAST year after the women's championships one felt that there were a number of young players coming along who would soon be very good; but few of them have fulfilled their promise. Neither Miss Gladman, Miss Cross, Miss Greef, nor Miss Rice played really sound tennis last week. Perhaps the greatest disappointment was Miss Sarah Palfrey, who went down unexpectedly in a flurry of nerves when she had a match well in hand. All of these young ladies, and especially the first two, indulged in considerable indiscriminate hitting, nor was there any evidence that the girls who are coming along are either as accurate or as intelligent in their game as those of a decade or two ago. After watching

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some of those wild backhands and forehand drives on the centre court I am almost willing to believe that, after all, woman's place is in the home.

Only two women players, Mrs. Harper and Miss Morrill, have shown any real advance since last season. The latter has improved and consolidated her game, and for a set and a half against Miss Nuthall she hit a flat forehand down the line into the English girl's backhand corner that would have beaten any other girl in the world except Lili de Alvarez. Miss Morrill was the surprise of the tournament. Not only is her game something to be enthusiastic about, but she is extraordinarily easy to look at as well. And once or twice she was observed to blush. Let us applaud this gesture, for our women's sports could stand a touch of sex appeal now and again.

MISS NUTHALL went home with her first big title; in fact her victory over Miss Morrill was in a way her first real triumph. The story behind her visit to the United States this year is amusing. For some years the charming Betty has been described abroad as the girl wonder of Great Britain; she was going to put English tennis back where it belonged, and all that sort of thing. Then for several seasons she went down to defeat in her important matches with unpleasant regularity. This spring she was sent out upon a soggy court at Wimbledon during the trials for the Wightman Cup team, and once again she was beaten by Miss Dorothy Round, if I am not mistaken. Anyhow, when the composition of the team was announced her name did not lead all the rest.

So there were consultations in the family, and it was decided that revenge was necessary, that the only possible revenge against the nasty old Lawn Tennis Association would be the capture of the British and American titles. That would show them. Alas, once again Betty was doomed to disappointment. She was beaten at Wimbledon by Miss Elizabeth Ryan, who played in her first Wimbledon tournament eighteen years ago. Needless to say, Betty made the trip over this summer strictly on her very own. She came, she saw, she played, and she conquered. Of course, Mrs. Moody wasn't entered, nor was Miss Helen Jacobs. But a title is a title, after all. And I should prefer not to be a member of the selection committee for that British Wightman Cup team for 1930.

—JOHN R. TUNIS

TEE AND GREEN

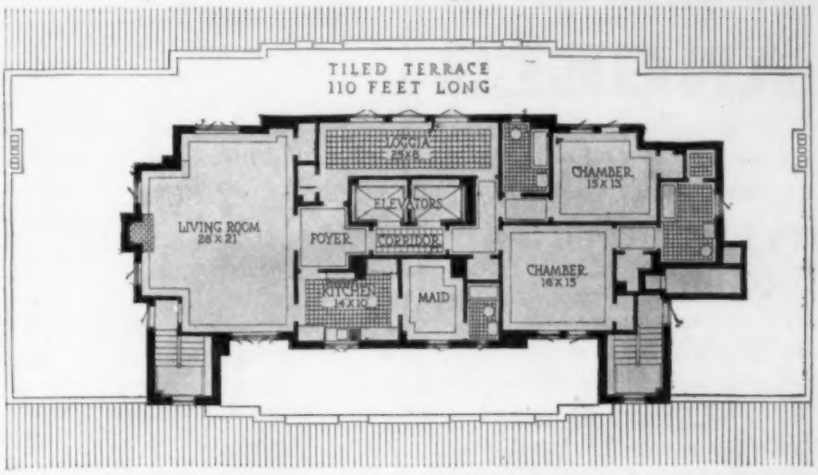
At Indianwood — The Musketeer's Return — Hagen and Sarazen

THE Western Open is not usually an event that Easterners pay much attention to, but the reports that issued last week from the Indianwood Club at Detroit were interesting for a special reason. Walter Hagen had gone out there and was making news. For the first time in many years he has been facing the end of summer without a single title. He missed Florida and California in the winter by touring Japan and Australia with Joe Kirkwood, and got back too late to defend the British Open Championship. At Interlachen he trudged stubbornly through the rough without being able to bring off the recoveries that people expected of him. For once the recurrent rumors that his best golfing days are over seemed to have some substance. Being without a title is a serious matter for Hagen—a blow to his pride—and since, except for the P.G.A., the Western Open constituted his last chance of becoming a champion once more, he went after it with characteristic earnestness. The day before the qualifying round he broke the course record in practice with a 66. His 67 won the qualifying medal. Then a thunderstorm caught him and he turned in a 77 that put him out of the running.

AT least that spurt had the value of bringing the red face and burly body of the world's greatest golfer back into the spotlight. For there are fans who insist that he is the greatest golfer in the world, in spite of his lack of a title, in spite of his frequent bad rounds. Jones, with his monotonous perfection so dearly bought in a supreme nervous concentration, can win more tournaments, but Hagen is still better than Jones in those occasional intervals when he is at the top of his game. That is what his devotees will tell you. They will point for evidence to the match he played with the Atlantan several years ago in Florida.

It was the only time, so far as I know, that Jones and Hagen ever met at match play. They went thirty-six

A HOME IN THE SKY



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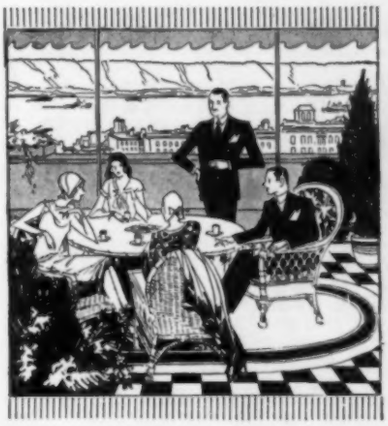

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NYDIA WESTMAN, LIONEL BRAHAM, HORTENSE ALDEN, ERIC DRESSLER
44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30
THE GREEN PASTURES
Pulitzer Prize Play
"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

The Theatre Guild Presents
THE NEW
GARRICK GAIETIES
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

WILLIAM A. BRADY (Ltd.), in association with John Tuerk presents
CAFE
A Play of the Boulevards by Marya Mannes
with Rollo Peters—Georgia Caine
Marjorie Gateson—Cast of 50
Staged by Jose Ruben
RITZ THEATRE, 48th St., W. of Broadway Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

holes—eighteen at Pasadena and eighteen at Sarasota. Hagen won by the amazing score of 12 up, 11 to go. A curious thing about the match was that the competitors seemed to have exchanged personalities. Hagen, relaxed and silent, played like a robot. His drives were down the middle and his irons square on the pin, while Jones, as though feeling the odds against him, wandered off the course and took reckless chances for recoveries. The only golfer whose belligerence has been equal to Hagen's at match play is Sarazen, who, in spite of Hagen's momentary threat, won the Western Open by seven strokes. There is an old story of how a typical piece of the Haig's arrogance scared Sarazen out of a money match. They had agreed to play on a course where Sarazen was pro at the time, and a day or two beforehand the Italian offered to show his opponent around.

"I'm sorry," Hagen said. "I haven't time to look at your course, Gene, but I've sent my caddy out to look at it."

The truth was that he had hurt his foot the day before and was as much afraid of using it as of letting Sarazen know that he was hurt. For the sake of the anecdote we may as well assume that this bland gesture of confidence was what put Sarazen off his game. Anyway, Hagen won.

FOR the last two years Hagen has behaved with what is for him an unusual conservatism. Possibly the success of the company formed in his name for manufacturing golf clubs has sobered him with the responsibilities of a businessman. He no longer drives his car quite so fast; he has kept his references to American sporting preëminence from wounding the national pride of the countries he has visited; he has never repeated his experiment of dropping a golf ball from the fourteenth floor of the Biltmore to see how high it would bounce. No matter whether or not he continues to win championships, he owes his following a more carefree attitude. The world does not need golfers, but it does need successful and insulting rebels who can challenge its restraints. It is time for Hagen to be himself again. —N. B., JR.

•

AW, NUTS

[From the Times]

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"OLD ENGLISH"
Refrigerated
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Aug. 30, 31, Sept. 1: NORMA SHEARER in "Let Us Be Gay" with Marie Dressler; Sept. 2, 3: "Common Clay"; Sept. 4, 5: "One Romantic Night" with Lillian Gish and Marie Dressler.
51 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Art of Mr. Arliss—Romance and La Garbo—Some Lesser Lights

GEORGE ARLISS has transferred from the stage to the screen another of his exquisite, his delicate and sure, characterizations. Sylvanus Heythorp, the aged Liverpool shipowner of "Old English," at Warners', is not the glittering part that Disraeli was, nor has his story any of the claptrap drama that gave extraneous interest to "The Green Goddess," for it derived originally from a fine, grave story of John Galsworthy's. Mr. Arliss must depend entirely upon his own intrinsic talent to make the wit and shrewdness of an old man interesting and relevant to a public whose mind is estimated, I believe, as being in its development about ten years old.

IN spite of enjoying little support from the actors of the company, Mr. Arliss presents delicious comedy in this little piece. The sly maneuvering by which the dominating, dying old man manages to secure a pittance for the grandchildren whom he loves, the children of his illegitimate son—for back in the forties he had known gay days—is beautiful comedy, and the gallant fashion in which he cheats those who would thwart his plan, cheats them simply enough by dining on such rich foods, and indulging in such port and brandies, that he thus agreeably and superbly dies of the effects, is a magnificent finale.

What Mr. Arliss gives the part above all things is a style, a sense of the grand old manner, whether it is when old Sylvanus is rakish still in silk hat and with gold-handled cane, or whether it is in the relish of the fine wine, or when he forces over the head of the board of directors the deal his plans demand. Nor does the death render the play a tragedy; for it is so clearly the end to life he wants, and is, in fact, rather his last joke on all those persons who would defeat the dearest project, illicit though it was, of his heart.

GRETA GARBO is again to be seen. In "Romance" she is more beau-

hell's belles

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RIVOLI

where herr lubitsch gives us a bed's-eye view of "monte carlo"... in paramount's picture of that name . . . with jack buchanan as a coiffeur getting into jeanette macdonald's hair

the rialto

RIALTO

where reaching new high marx formerriment are the four, groucho, harpo, chico, and zeppo in paramount's "animal crackers" . . . try to laugh this off!

the paramount

where there's "let's go native", paramount with jack oakie, jeanette macdonald, skeets gallagher, kay francis and genepallettecasts aside hollywood and goes volcanically south seas ...jessecrawford's at the organ and rubinoff's still up stage

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on the park

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Direction: S. GREGORY TAYLOR

tiful, I think, than she has ever been, asserting more surely than ever her place as the most beautiful woman on the screen. "Romance," the movie version of that old prewar fracas about the clergyman and the opera-singer, is of course a vehicle made for any woman who can provide "glamour," of which Miss Garbo is probably the chief exponent today. Purists are disturbed by the Swedish accent in her rôle of Italian prima donna, and also by the fact that a low contralto voice is made to render soprano solos on occasion. These little items cannot be disputed; on the other hand, Miss Garbo's voice is certainly lovely, resonant with unusual feeling and quality.

Certainly her personal attributes and ability are all that the picture has to make it of interest. However exciting the story may have seemed seventeen years ago, it's pretty much a moralizing old tract by this time. One wonders only why such a woman would be so concerned over the palpitations of a reverend who actually goes so far in the performance of his courtship as to show her one of his baby shoes. One feels all the time that the young rector of St. Giles every now and then takes out that old shoe and has a good cry over his lost innocence.

The picture is handsomely mounted, the ladies superbly crinolined, Lewis Stone somewhat a fussbudget as the elderly adviser and man of the world, and Gavin Gordon somewhat stolid for the hysterical doctor of divinity. It is altogether Miss Garbo's picture.

MISS LUPE VELEZ shoots the rapids of a Canadian river with magnificent gusto in "The Storm," but otherwise she has to paw her way through a turgid, silly little melodrama about two men and a blizzard. The men don't seem to amount to much and even the blizzard is mild.

LILYAN TASHMAN appears in "The Matrimonial Bed," a French farce by no means imbued with any censorable naughtiness. It's preposterous and grotesque, with very involved complications which are all greatly exaggerated and somehow not very funny. As the lovely title doubtless suggests to many, it's disappointing. —J. C. M.

•

Selling New York to the rest of the world was the burden of a meeting held at the Board of Trade yesterday.—*The World.*

A precious little burden.

THE CAUTIOUS DRIVER

HE is generally elderly, which enables him to make pointed remarks at any other motorist who looks under forty and is going over thirty about "dangerous young cubs, with this modern mania for Speed." For to him Speed invariably means *dangerous* driving; he has no conception of its relativity. He recoils in a shocked manner from the bare thought of going more than twenty-five miles per hour, even on a straight empty stretch of by-pass road: on the other hand, he thinks nothing of going up to that same rate down Fifth Avenue if opportunity offers.

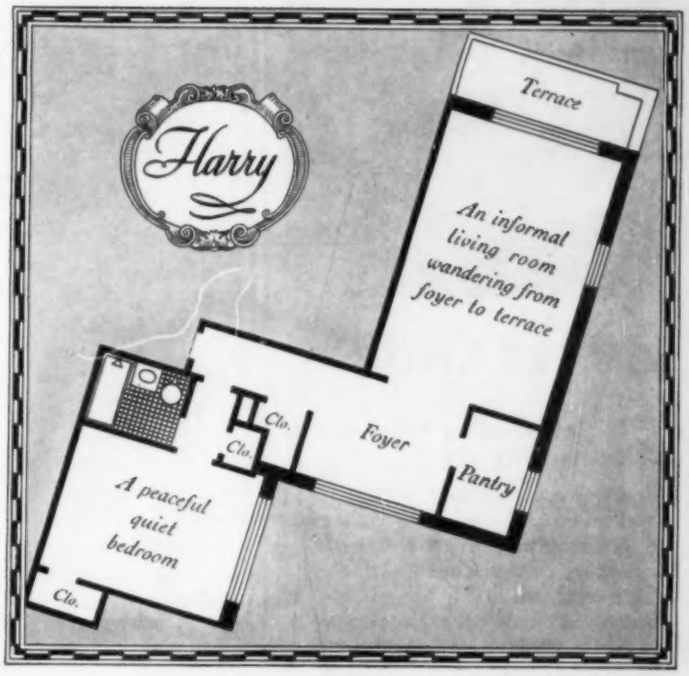
Twenty-five miles per hour, he considers, is a good, prudent speed for all purposes, though now and then he has been known to touch a wicked twenty-seven—when he has at last decided, after deliberating for nearly a mile, that he must pass that fellow in front who is merely doing twenty-four. On these occasions he also pulls well across the road because, he will say with the air of the sober-minded man rebuking recklessness, "You never know whether the chap mayn't swerve suddenly." This makes it all pretty good fun if you happen to be coming the opposite way during the next ten minutes. You probably have to slow up with a screeching of brakes to avoid running into him, whereupon he curses you for wild driving, the applying of brakes being to his mind evidence of guilty speed, and passes on, serenely unconscious of having done anything that is not in complete accordance with the rules of the road.

Owing also to his habit at most other times of fussing along on the crown of the highway, you have, if you come up behind him at more than twenty-five, to hoot for him to give way. This annoys him because it makes both him and his car jump very noticeably. As like as not he then tries to reassert himself, and to baffle your intention, by putting on a little speed; invariably he scowls at you when you do pass. Conversely, on coming up behind you himself, he horns frantically half a dozen times and then probably decides he cannot overtake after all, because it would mean going too fast. Apparently his idea is that you ought to slow down and allow him to do it.

HE is (as befits a cautious driver) very hot about signals—that is, from other drivers. He expects the

Oh, you'll like HARRY...

HE'S AN INFORMAL, CHEERFUL TWO ROOM APARTMENT



At The Town House we've given the apartments names because they're as different and as individual as people. **HARRY** looks on the sunny side of life through great wide eyes. And he gives the most delightful parties in his big living room (it has a terrace—quite a big one). His foyer is very large and he uses it for a dining room. By the way, get him to show you the pantry—it's really a regular kitchen with a gas stove, silent gas refrigerator and all that. **HARRY** has lots of depth to him in spite of the impetuous way he flings himself about. The more you see of him the more you'll like him.

Harry's foyer is so large that he uses it for a dining room. It has wide windows across one side—a complete serving pantry at one end.

HARRY is awfully proud of the adjustable shaving light and shower mixer in the bath; the khrome marble baseboards; chromium fixtures; polished cork floors; the efficient ventilators in the bath and pantry. The gas for the refrigerator and maid service go with **HARRY'S** rent. Try to come over to The Town House today. (The office is open from 8:30 A. M. to 9 P. M.) We'll introduce you to **HARRY** and to his cousins, the 1, 3 and 4 room apartments. If you're tired of the commonplace, you'll be pleased to meet an apartment with a personality.

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Horace Leland Wiggins ~ *Managing Director*

UNITED

correct signal to be given by vehicles in front of him, even for the most obvious slowing-down of all traffic in a block. Should you omit this he stops abruptly alongside you and points out your error—till he is interrupted by a driver behind doing the same to him.

Out on the open road with no one to worry him, his signals are wonderful. He will hold his hand out to indicate a left turn, even if there is no vehicle for a mile behind. He will do this even more conscientiously and at frequent intervals if there *is* one behind—with this difference: that, signal or not, he is taking no chances. He is not so foolhardy as actually to *make* the turn till the other car has overtaken. This, naturally, it is studiously not doing—the final result being generally a block stretching to the next village and a row lasting till sunset.

His signals are at all times meticulously exact, but unless you have needle-like eyes you will miss them, for they do not last very long. This is because your cautious driver is invariably of the "bicycle" school of driving; he still has the impression that it is dangerous to remove one hand from the wheel and suicidal to remove both, for the car will infallibly run into the hedge in a flash, if not lose its balance and fall over on the road. It is this which gives him his habitual look of intense concentration, and in extreme cases leads him to snap, at conversational friends seated by him: "Don't talk! Can't you see I'm busy driving?"

HIS favorite driving position is bolt upright with a slight inclination over the wheel. If you ask him whether he does not find it uncomfortable, he says he does, but it enables him to reach the ignition or the self-starter or something quickly in case of emergency. He adds gratuitously that he has always found in driving that it pays to be prepared for emergencies.

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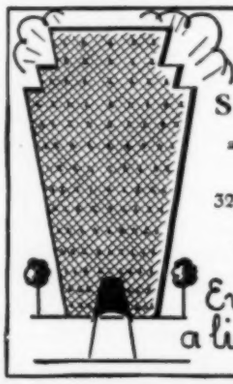

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Nevertheless, his usual procedure in an emergency is to put on both brakes, forget to throw his clutch, and thus stop his engine. He then vigorously presses the self-starter and propels his car forward some eighteen inches against the hand-brake by battery power alone, before he remembers he is still in gear.

THE fact that he is unable to distinguish between intention to move and motion has now and then given him a bad heart attack, as when a street-car which he has been religiously following in a traffic jam stops for a long while, till suddenly (it being the terminus) the driver reappears at the rear end, inserts a driving handle, and makes it the front end. He will tell people for months after about his close shave and how had it not been for his presence of mind in rapidly reversing, then going forward, and in general backing and filling for three minutes, by gad, he'd have been run over by a street-car. "And street-cars," he adds, "are dangerous things: they go so fast." —ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

•

TENNIS À LA MODE

Just fancy Marie Antoinette
Reviewing a lawn-tennis set
Important to a Davis match
Played off with technical dispatch.

She'd scarcely know the *jeu de paume*
She played on turf or grassy loam
With silk-strung stick and dainty ball
'Twixt cypresses and waterfall.

Or Stuarts who esteemed it fun
To play the game at Wimbledon
Would watch agape as we cavort
About a clay or concrete court.

We moderns set ourselves a pace
Prohibitive of mannered grace
And yet, of course, it has more thrills—
So let's be off to Forest Hills.
—MARGARETTA BYERS

•

"Since living in New York I have come to really appreciate my high school education," stated George Muller, West graduate of '29, when interviewed by an Occident reporter. "The population is practically all foreign and consists of coarse, uneducated folk from all the world. . . ."—*From an article in Columbus (O.) West High School Occident.*

With a start like that, George, you ought to go on to college.

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RECENT BOOKS

Over the Tariff Wall—Without Asterisks—
More African Thrills—The Guillotine Days

FRANCE, Italy, and Austria are represented this week by books so good that they hurl the products of local talent into a smallish heap in the cellar of this department. The best of the importations is "The Family," by François Mauriac, which has been superbly translated by Lewis Galantière. For those who have watched the French novel, since the war, grow anemic and uncertain, "The Family" is a heartening work. I can recommend it with the comforting assurance that it will be just as much worth reading in five or ten years as it is today.

Originally published in France as "Les Péloueyre," the story is in two parts—"The Kiss to the Leper" and "Genitrix." Both novels—they are distinct stories bound by a general theme—treat of dramas in two branches of the Péloueyre family.

M. Mauriac's scene is the Gironde—which is his special locale—and the Péloueyres are as much a part of the landscape as the resinous pines of the district. "The Kiss to the Leper" is one of those isolated-peasant tales that have an almost legendary aspect. The dwarfed and crippled son of a wealthy landowner is forced into a hideous marriage with an ignorant and virtuous peasant girl. The girl, stupid and noble, is made of the stuff of saints. The husband, with his shadowed mind, belongs in the company of the martyrs. The martyr is doomed to die—perhaps because he wishes to; the saint, whose lot is less happy, is obliged to live.

M. Mauriac has condensed this drama of the mortification of the flesh into exactly one hundred and three small pages. I make a point of this brevity because it emphasizes the sharp intensity of M. Mauriac's style.

"Genitrix" is a less remote, less special tragedy. In this second part, M. Mauriac has heightened and magnified a not unusual situation. It is the story of a mother's mad love for her son, a man of fifty, and of the uncomprehending young wife who comes between the woman and her "decomposing child." The actual struggle between the two women begins with the wife's death. It is, figuratively speaking, a war between a ghost and a dying woman for the love of a pitiable man. Whereas "The Kiss to the Leper" is a rural drama, "Genitrix" belongs to the town.

THE Italian novel, "The Trap," by Delfino Cinelli, lacks the seal of greatness that marks every sentence of M. Mauriac's book, but I can recommend it as really superior melodrama. Here is an excellent libretto begging to be set to music, with fine parts for a tenor, a baritone, a bass, and a soprano—and with a chorus for the villagers. It also has one of the best third-act curtains I have ever run across.

The "argument" is as follows: Crab, a poacher, has incurred the enmity of Stefano, a gamekeeper. Crab marries a beautiful Florentine girl, takes her to his native Tuscan hills, and spends his time being jealous of her. Stefano, bent on revenge, encourages a love affair between Armida, the wife, and Paolo, the young lord of the district. Stefano, by an almost too elaborate trap, tricks Crab into believing that he has murdered Paolo in a fit of jealous rage. So when Crab encounters Paolo escaping from a rendezvous with Armida, he thinks he is seeing a vengeful ghost and goes stark, staring, raving, and singing mad.

You will recognize this as Grade-A Monday-night Metropolitan material, with Mr. Lawrence Tibbett as Crab. It is also, incidentally, a really engrossing novel, with its artificialities concealed by vigorous and adroit writing.

DR. KARL FEDERN compiled his book, "Baron Fritz," from notes left by a young German officer. The officer was half Irish and Dr. Federn is an Austrian, so this mixture of races accounts for certain admirable qualities in the book. These adventures of a gallant captain in the German army have more romance than realism, more wit than vulgarity. Whatever the source of his material, Dr. Federn has created an actual character in Baron Fritz; he has achieved the difficult feat of presenting the man to you as a brilliant fellow and really giving him brilliant things to say. The Baron is Shavian in his mixture of arrogance and humanity, while in his lighter moments he is a Schnitzler hero gone to